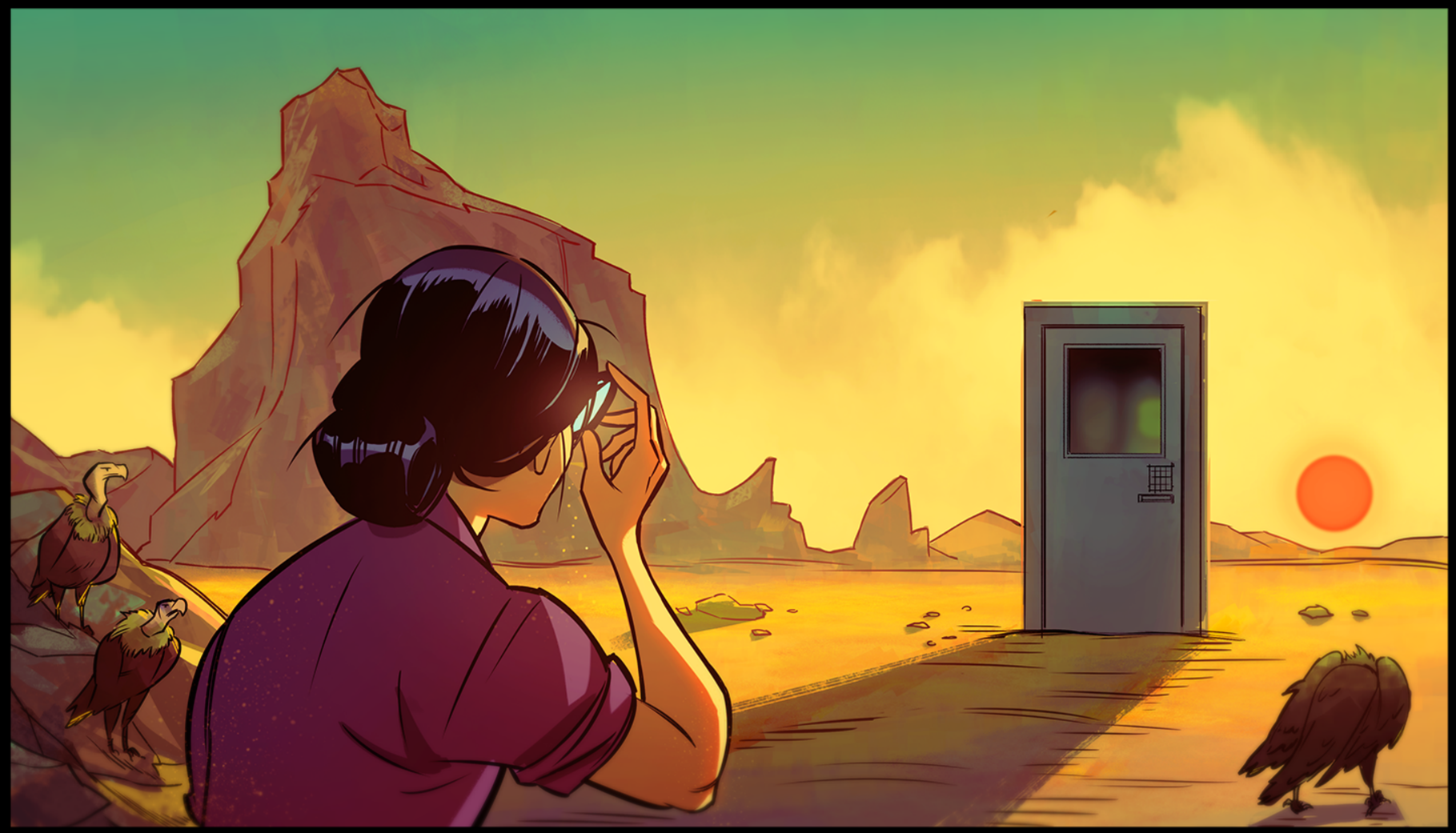
TEAM FORTRESS®
#6
VALVE®

HCK! PFFF! PFF!

WHERE THE *HELL*...?

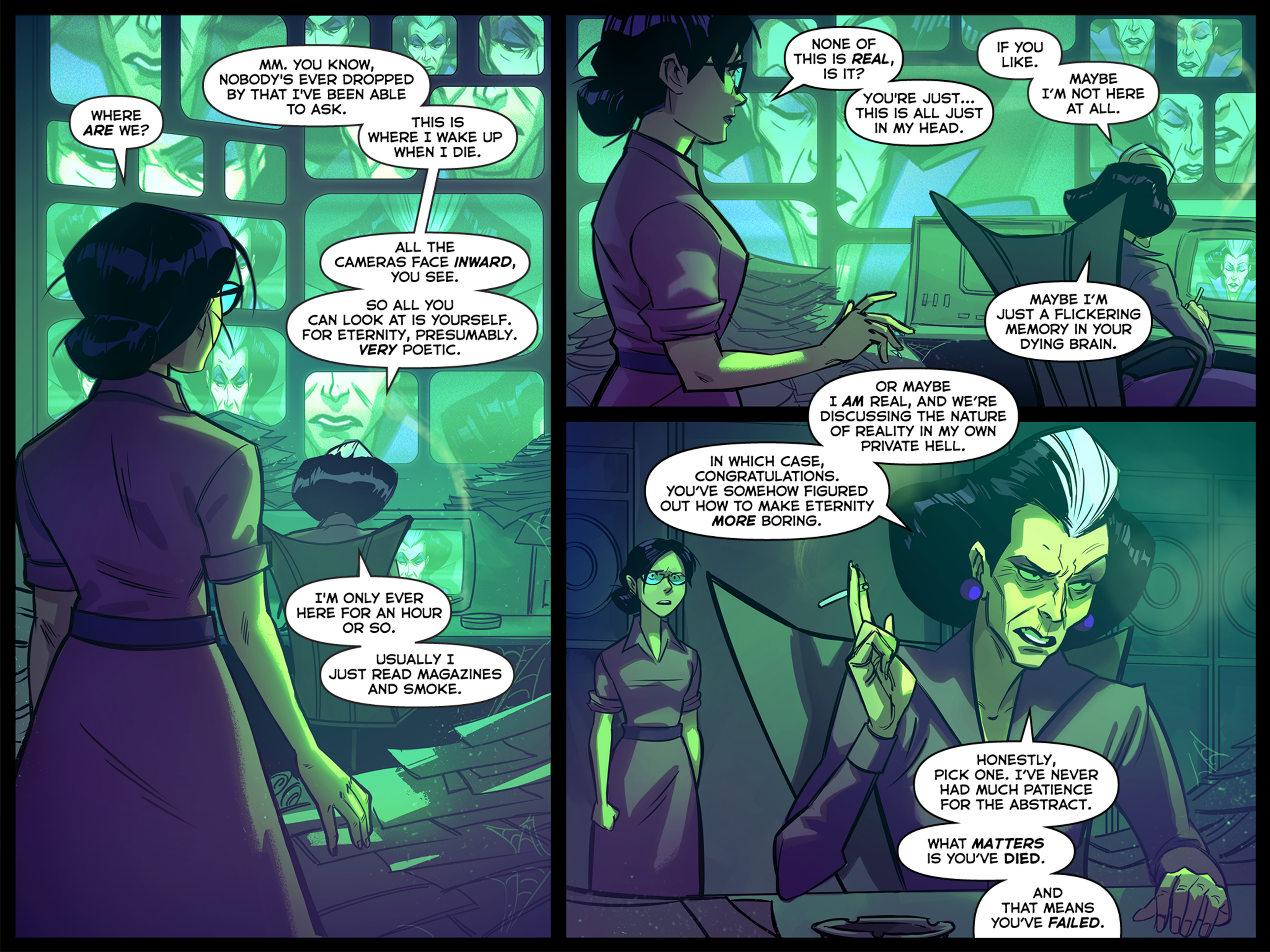
WHERE THE *HELL*...?



UM.
HELLO?
OH. IT'S YOU.
WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN.

WHERE *ARE* WE?
MM. YOU KNOW, NOBODY'S EVER DROPPED BY THAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ASK.
THIS IS WHERE I WAKE UP WHEN I DIE.

WHERE *ARE* WE?
MM. YOU KNOW, NOBODY'S EVER DROPPED BY THAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ASK.
THIS IS WHERE I WAKE UP WHEN I DIE.
ALL THE CAMERAS FACE *INWARD*, YOU SEE.
SO ALL YOU CAN LOOK AT IS YOURSELF. FOR ETERNITY, PRESUMABLY. *VERY* POETIC.
I'M ONLY EVER HERE FOR AN HOUR OR SO.
USUALLY I JUST READ MAGAZINES AND SMOKE.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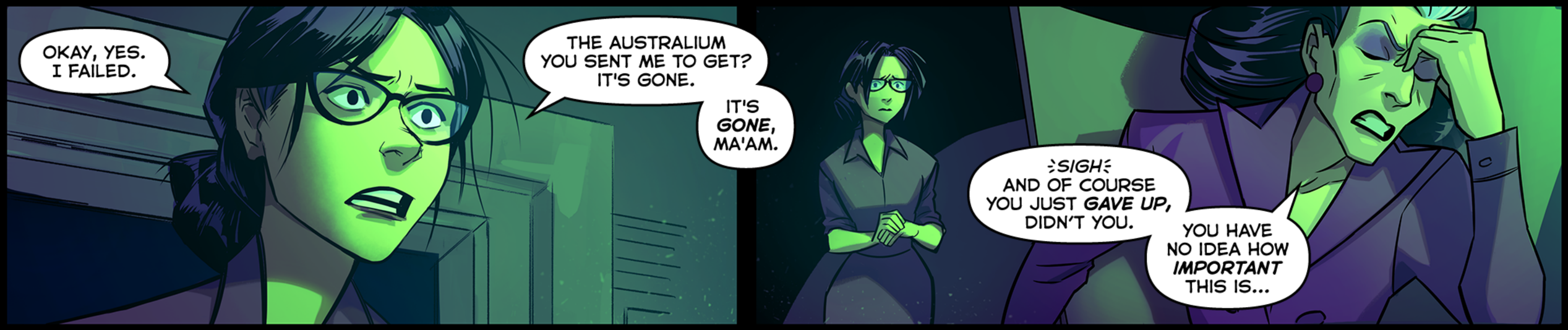
SO ALL YOU CAN LOOK AT IS YOURSELF. FOR ETERNITY, PRESUMABLY. VERY POETIC.
I'M ONLY EVER HERE FOR AN HOUR OR SO.
USUALLY I JUST READ MAGAZINES AND SMOKE.
NONE OF THIS IS REAL, IS IT?
YOU'RE JUST... THIS IS ALL JUST IN MY HEAD.
IF YOU LIKE.
MAYBE I'M NOT HERE AT ALL.
MAYBE I'M JUST A FLICKERING MEMORY IN YOUR DYING BRAIN.
OR MAYBE I AM REAL, AND WE'RE DISCUSSING THE NATURE OF REALITY IN MY OWN PRIVATE HELL.
IN WHICH CASE, CONGRATULATIONS. YOU'VE SOMEHOW FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE ETERNITY MORE BORING.
HONESTLY, PICK ONE. I'VE NEVER HAD MUCH PATIENCE FOR THE ABSTRACT.
WHAT MATTERS IS YOU'VE DIED.
AND THAT MEANS YOU'VE FAILED.


OKAY, YES. I FAILED.
THE AUSTRALIUM YOU SENT ME TO GET? IT'S GONE.
IT'S GONE, MA'AM.
SIGH AND OF COURSE YOU JUST GAVE UP, DIDN'T YOU.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS...

OKAY, YES. I FAILED.
THE AUSTRALIUM YOU SENT ME TO GET? IT'S GONE.
IT'S GONE, MA'AM.
SIGH AND OF COURSE YOU JUST GAVE UP, DIDN'T YOU.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS...
SO TELL ME!
ADMINISTRATOR, I KNOW YOU'RE PLANNING SOMETHING BIG. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN.
AND I'VE NEVER ASKED. NOT ONCE. BECAUSE I TRUSTED YOU.
THAT WHEN WE GOT THERE, YOU'D HAVE A PLACE FOR ME.
HELEN. PLEASE.
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

OKAY, YES. I FAILED.
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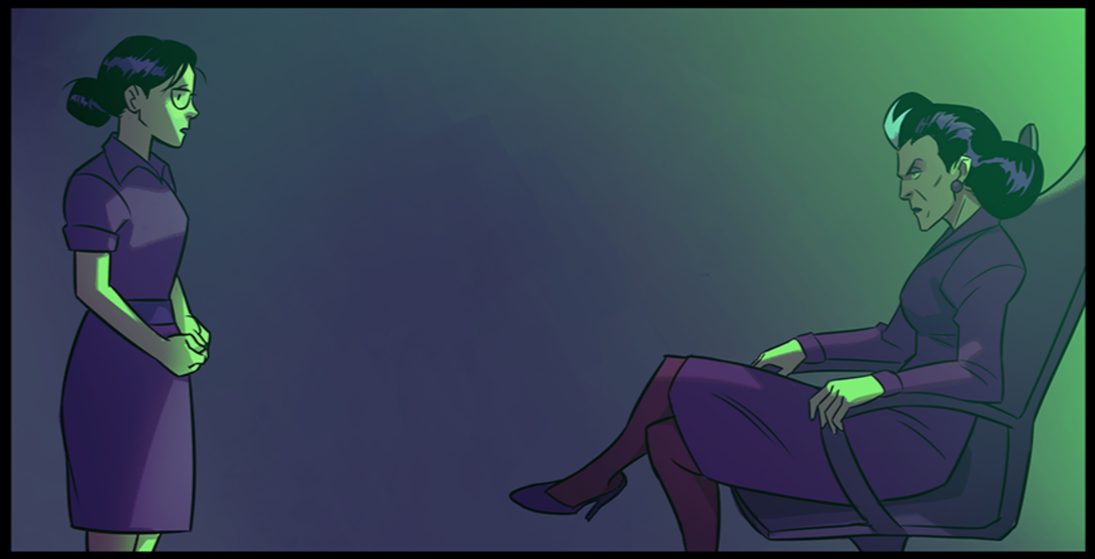
HELEN. PLEASE.
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
TELL ME, MISS PAULING...
IF YOU'VE NEVER QUESTIONED MY INTENTIONS, IN A DECADE UNDER MY EMPLOY...
...BECAUSE YOU "TRUSTED" ME...
WHY ARE YOU ASKING NOW?



WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT?*

WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT?*

BLOOD.

WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT?*

BLOOD.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

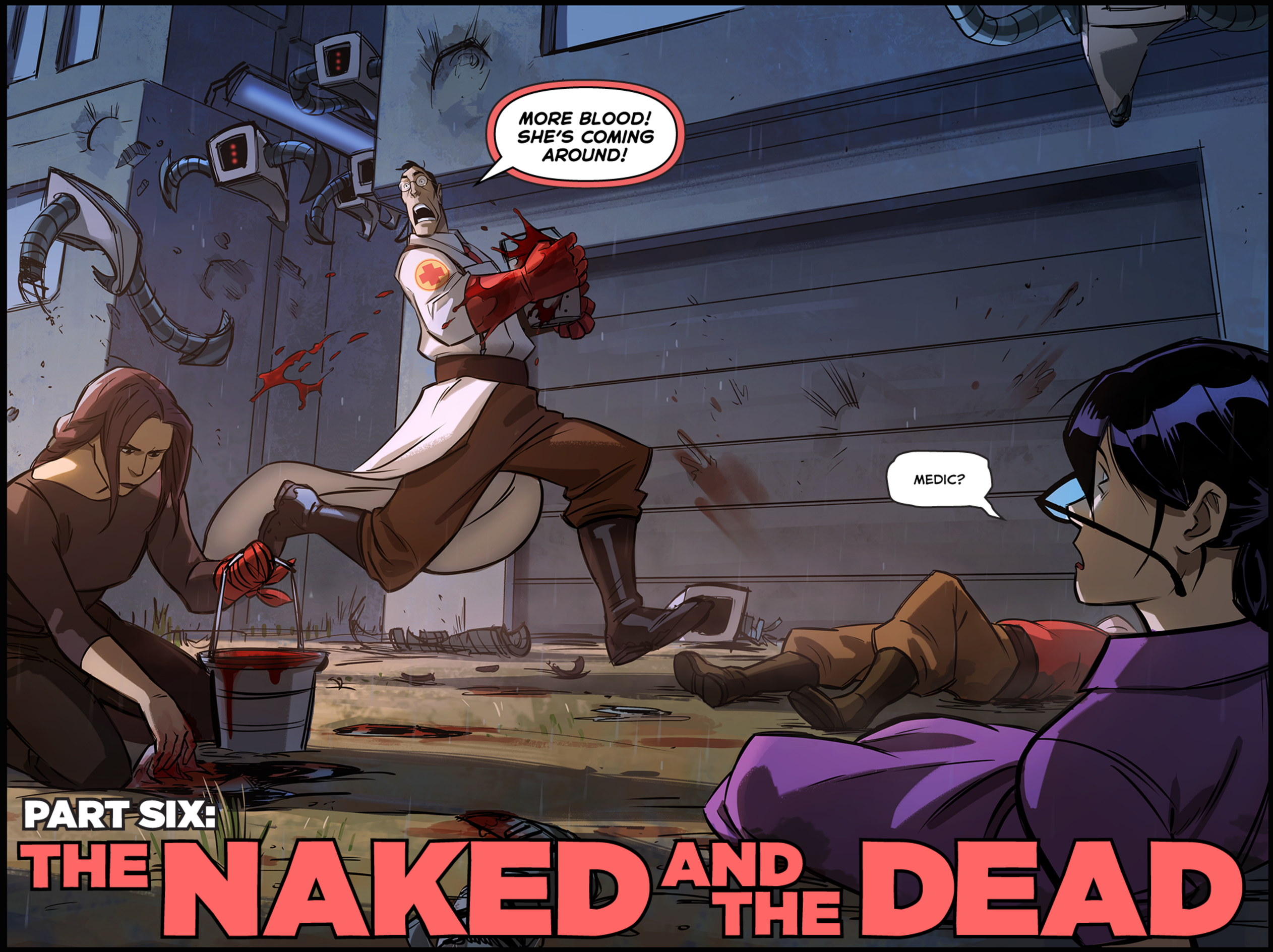
WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT?*

BLOOD.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
I NEED MORE.

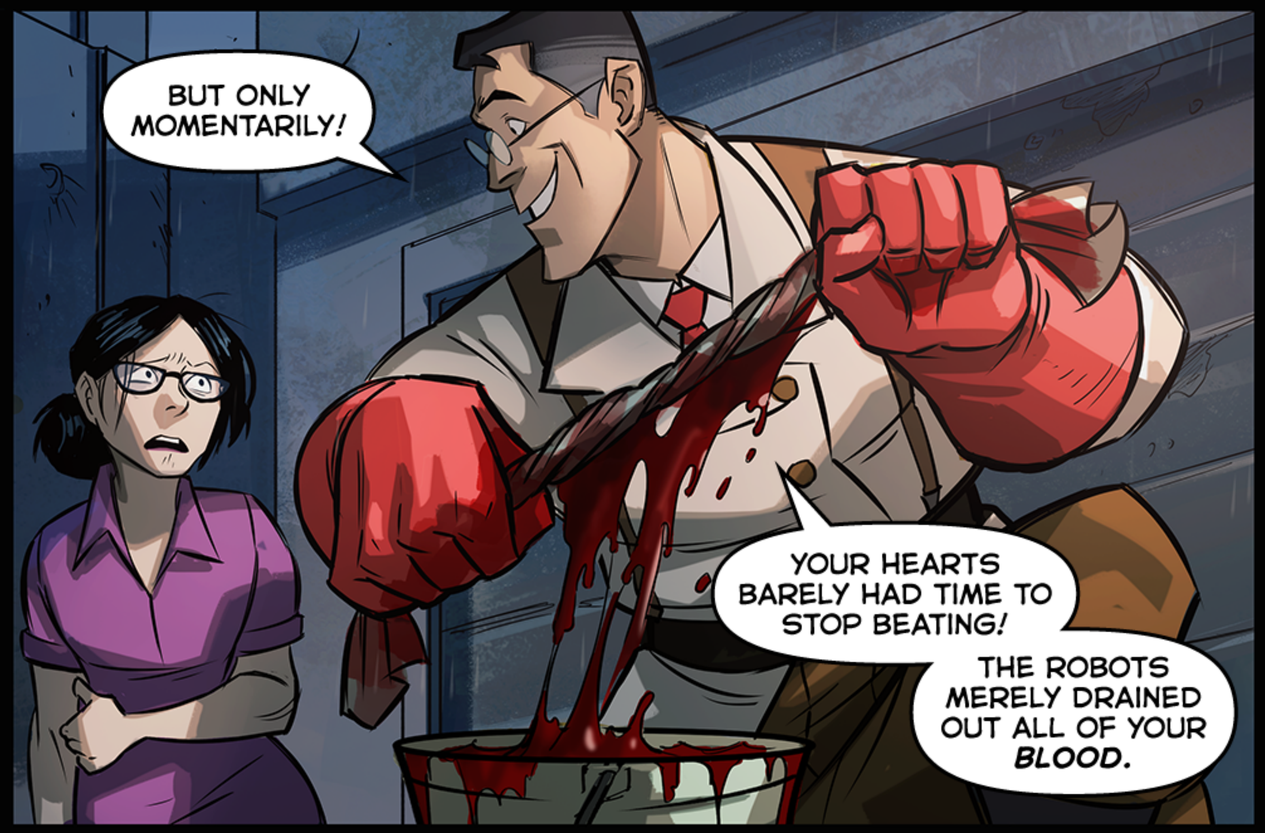
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

BLOOD.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
I NEED MORE.

I NEED MORE BLOOD!


MORE BLOOD! SHE'S COMING AROUND!
MEDIC?
PART SIX:
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT WE ALL...
DIED? HA HA HA, HEAVENS NO!
WELL, YES.


BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY!
YOUR HEARTS BARELY HAD TIME TO STOP BEATING!
THE ROBOTS MERELY DRAINED OUT ALL OF YOUR BLOOD.

SO! I JUST PUT THE BLOOD BACK IN!
SLOSH

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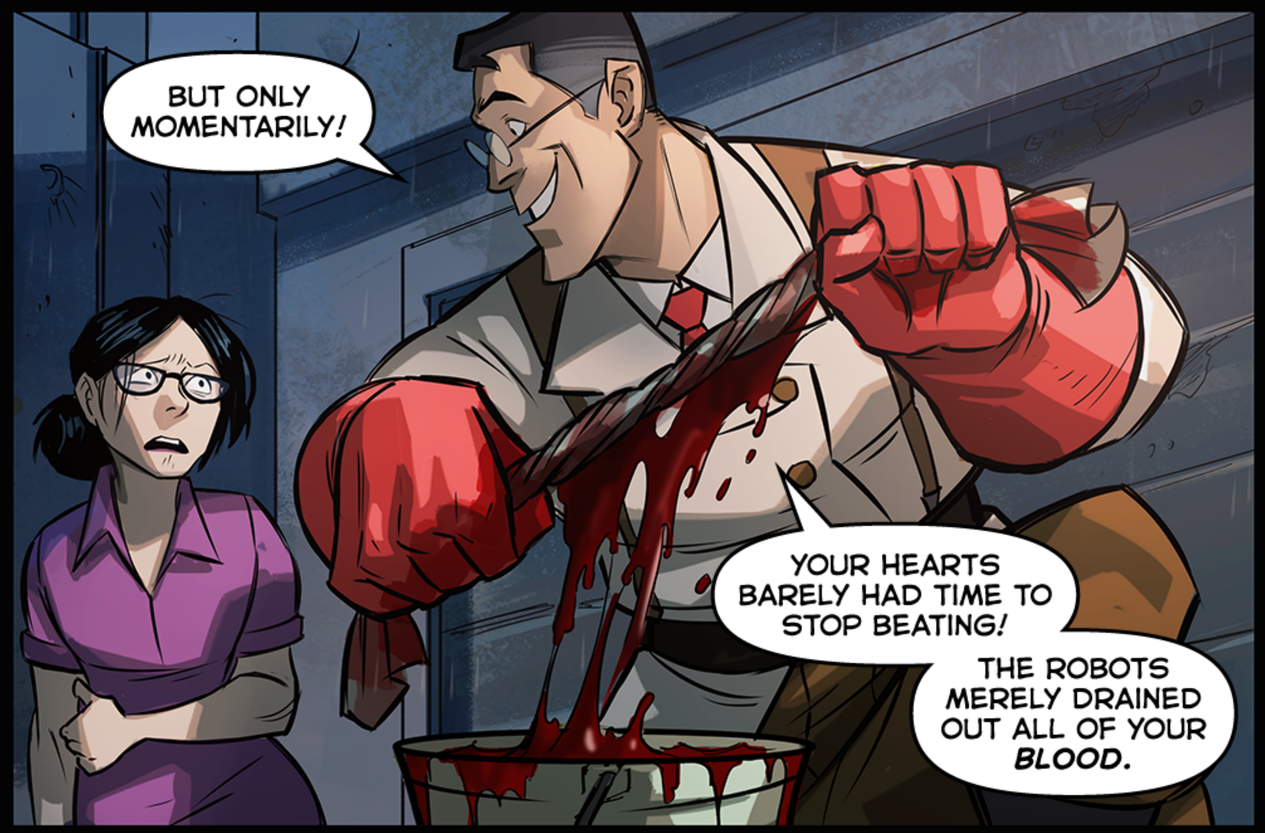
DIED? HA HA HA, HEAVENS NO!
WELL, YES.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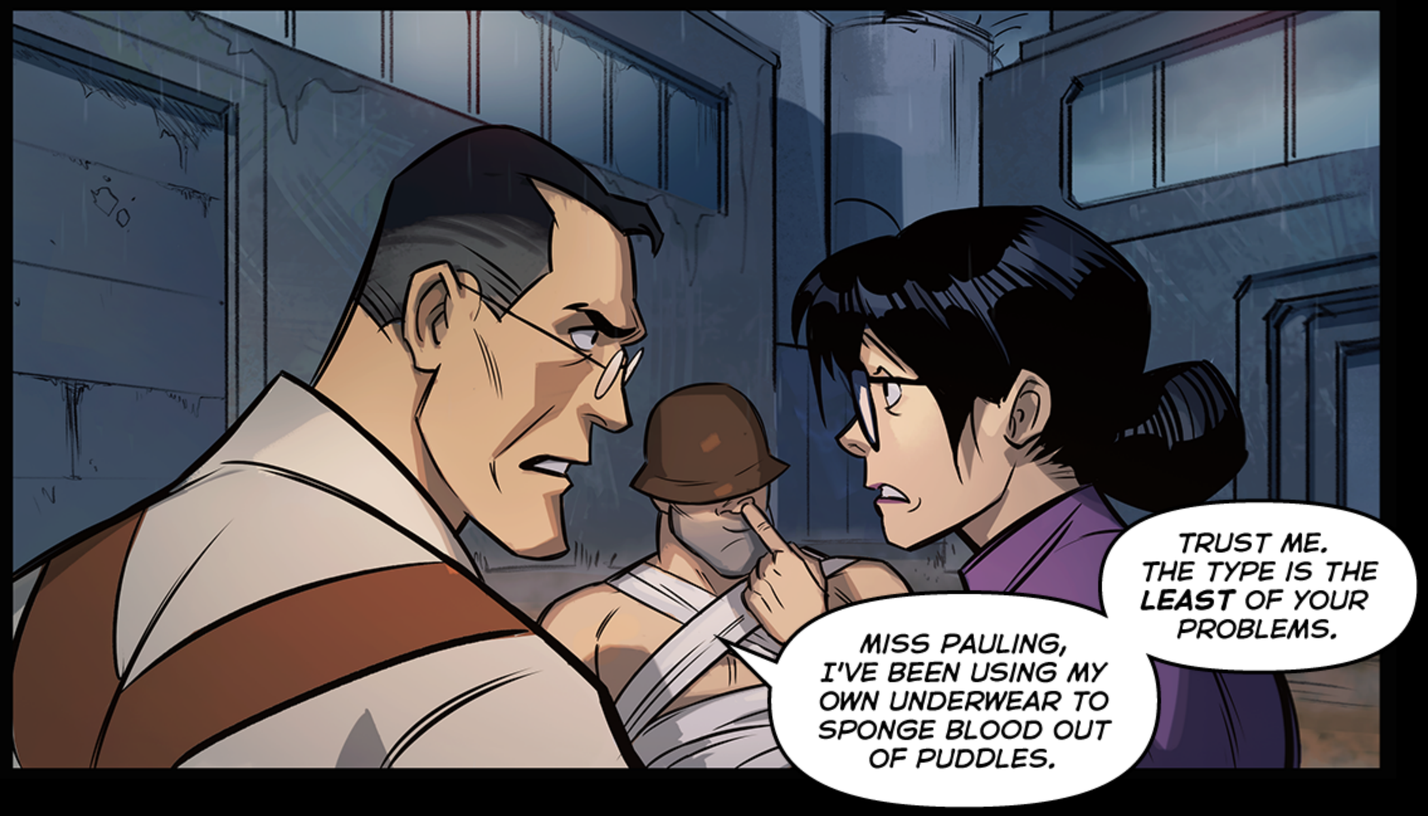
SO! I JUST PUT THE BLOOD BACK IN!
SLOSH

I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT'S THAT EASY.
I KNOW, JA? WHY DO PEOPLE EVEN GO TO MEDICAL SCHOOL?
WAIT, HOW'D YOU SEPARATE OUT ALL THE BLOOD TYPES?

HAR! "DIFFERENT TYPES OF BLOOD"! MISS PAULING CAME BACK STUPID!
HA! YES. WHAT FOOLISHNESS.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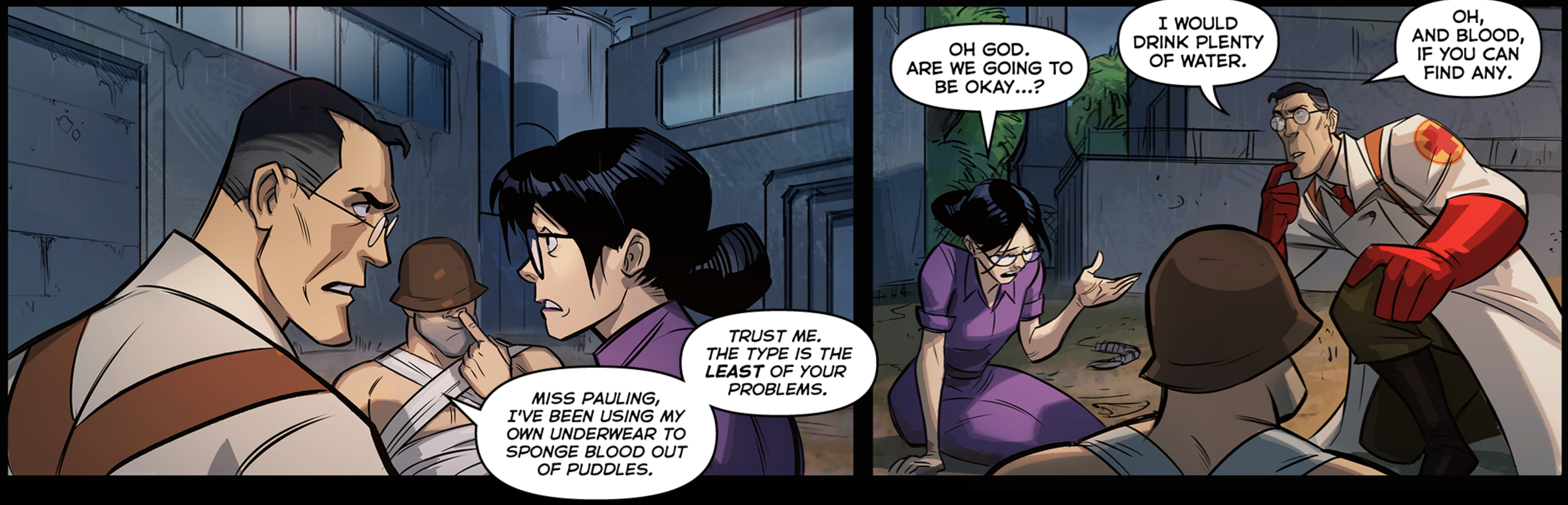
TRUST ME. THE TYPE IS THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS.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TRUST ME. THE TYPE IS THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS.
OH GOD. ARE WE GOING TO BE OKAY...?
I WOULD DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.
OH, AND BLOOD, IF YOU CAN FIND ANY.

MISS PAULING, I'VE BEEN USING MY OWN UNDERWEAR TO SPONGE BLOOD OUT OF PUDDLES.
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WAIT.
AREN'T THOSE THE ROBOTS THAT KILLED ALL OF US IN FIVE SECONDS?
OOF. YES, I SAW. VERY EMBARRASSING FOR YOU.
RIGHT, SO...
HOW THE HELL IS DEMO DOING THAT?
YES, I WAS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED AS WELL.
IF I HAD TO GUESS... I'D SAY DRINKING DEMO'S BLOOD IS GIVING THEM ALL ALCOHOL POISONING.
BUT HE HASN'T HAD A DROP OF LIQUOR SINCE WE GOT TO THE ISLAND!
HOW IS HE...?
"HEART! STATUS REPORT!"

WE MANAGED TO CONVERT THE STOMACH INTO A DISTILLERY, SIR!
CONVERT THE LUNGS TOO! IF IT'S HOLLOW AND IT'S IN ME BODY, PUT IT TO WORK!
TAVISH?
ACH. LOOK WHO CAME CRAWLING BACK.
HELLO, LIVER.
GET BORED OF YER CHAMPAGNE PARTIES AND GOLDEN SHRIMP FORKS, DID YE?
TAVISH... I NEVER EVEN LEFT YOUR RECTUM.
I KNOW.
ACH, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY O' TIME FOR THAT LATER.
WE SHOULD GET BACK T'WORK. WHILE YOU WERE GALLIVANTIN' AROUND IN ME COLON HAVIN' A FINE OUL' TIME, ME AND THE LADS INVENTED A WAY TO FERMENT BONE MARROW.
LOOK SHARP THERE, BOYS!
I HATE THIS JOB.

THESE GUYS ARE *MORONS.*

LUNATICS.

THEY'RE THE *LAUGHING STOCK* OF THE MERCENARY WORLD.

HOW THE *HELL* ARE THEY—

THESE GUYS ARE *MORONS.*

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THEY'RE THE *LAUGHING STOCK* OF THE MERCENARY WORLD.

HOW THE *HELL* ARE THEY—

UH... BOSS?

ME AND THE BOYS WERE TALKIN', AND UH...

WE WERE WONDERIN' HOW WE'RE GONNA GET *PAID.*

DO I LOOK LIKE I'M IN THE MOOD TO *TALK* ABOUT THIS, FRED? YOU *ALWAYS* GET PAID.

WHY BRING IT UP *NOW?*

WELL, FOR ONE, YOU NEVER *KILLED* THE GUY PAYIN' US BEFORE.

TWO, I BEEN STANDIN' HERE TEN MINUTES WATCHIN' YOU YELL AT HIS SPINE.

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT *MONEY?*
I'M HOLDING A MACHINE THAT WILL LET US *LIVE FOREVER*, FRED.
YEAH, *ABOUT* THAT.
I *ALSO* CAN'T HELP NOTICING YOU AIN'T HOLDIN' *FIVE* OF 'EM.
SO MAKE MORE! YOU'RE AN *ENGINEER*, AREN'T YOU?
WELL SURE, BUT— THIS AIN'T EXACTLY UPGRADING A *TURRET* HERE.
COME ON, MAN, IMMORTALITY MACHINES? MAGIC ROCKS? HELL, THAT DAMN THING'S MORE BIOLOGY THAN ENGINEERING...
JUST SO WE'RE NOT HERE ALL DAY...
WHAT *CAN* YOU DO, FRED?
WELL, I BEEN LOOKIN' AT THE OLD MAN'S ROBOTS.
I COULD PROBABLY GET THE SENTRY BUSTERS UP AND RUNNING. OR MAYBE...

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GET THEM *ALL* UP AND RUNNING! *NOW!*
I WANT THESE IDIOTS DEAD!

SCOUT! HEAVY! THANK GOD!
MISS PAULING!
YOU'RE ALIVE!
YOU—
AND YOU LOOK TERRIFIC! HAVE YOU LOST WEIGHT?
I... LOST MOST OF MY BLOOD?
NICE! YOUR HAIR LOOKS GREAT TOO!
THANKS. IT'S... COVERED IN MY BLOOD.
MISS PAULING, I'M...
YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE OKAY.

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SPSHHH
AH, YES. MISS PAULING, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO GET SQUEEZED BY ANYONE FOR...
...WELL, EVER, I SUPPOSE. THAT BLOOD IS GOING TO BE SLOSHING AROUND IN THERE FOR A WHILE.

SISTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MISHA! I AM SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
ZHANNA, WHERE IS YOUR HAND?

I SAWED IT OFF WITH SCRAP OF METAL TO KILL WOMAN TORTURING ME.
YES, OF COURSE. GOOD.

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WAIT.
WHAT IS THIS?

WHERE DO YOU GET THIS NECKLACE OF...
HUMAN EARS...

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HUMAN EARS...
SISTER. NO.

HELLO, BROTHER-IN-LAW!
GOOD NEWS! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GRANDFATHER!
HE IS GOING TO IMPREGNATE ME, BROTHER!

...AND THEN I PUNCHED AYERS ROCK REAL HARD AND IT MOVED LIKE TEN FEET AND HEAVY WAS LIKE "HOLY CRAP YOU'RE SUPER STRONG!" AND I WAS LIKE "SHUT UP FOR A SECOND AND LET ME THINK 'CAUSE ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S GONE..."

I KNEW IT.
WAIT. YOU ALWAYS KNEW I WAS SUPER STRONG?
'CAUSE... THAT'S A THING... WE COULD EXPLORE.
WHAT ABOUT THE AUSTRALIUM? DID YOU FIND OUT WHO TOOK IT?
OH, UH... NOT AS SUCH, NO, VIS A VIS THE ROCK IN QUESTION...
BUT OH! WE DID FIND SAXTON HALE THOUGH!

REALLY? GREAT, WE COULD USE THE HELP! WHERE IS HE?
HE'S RIGHT...
HUH. THAT'S FUNNY. HIM AND HIS BIG MEAN GIRLFRIEND WERE RIGHT BEHIND US.

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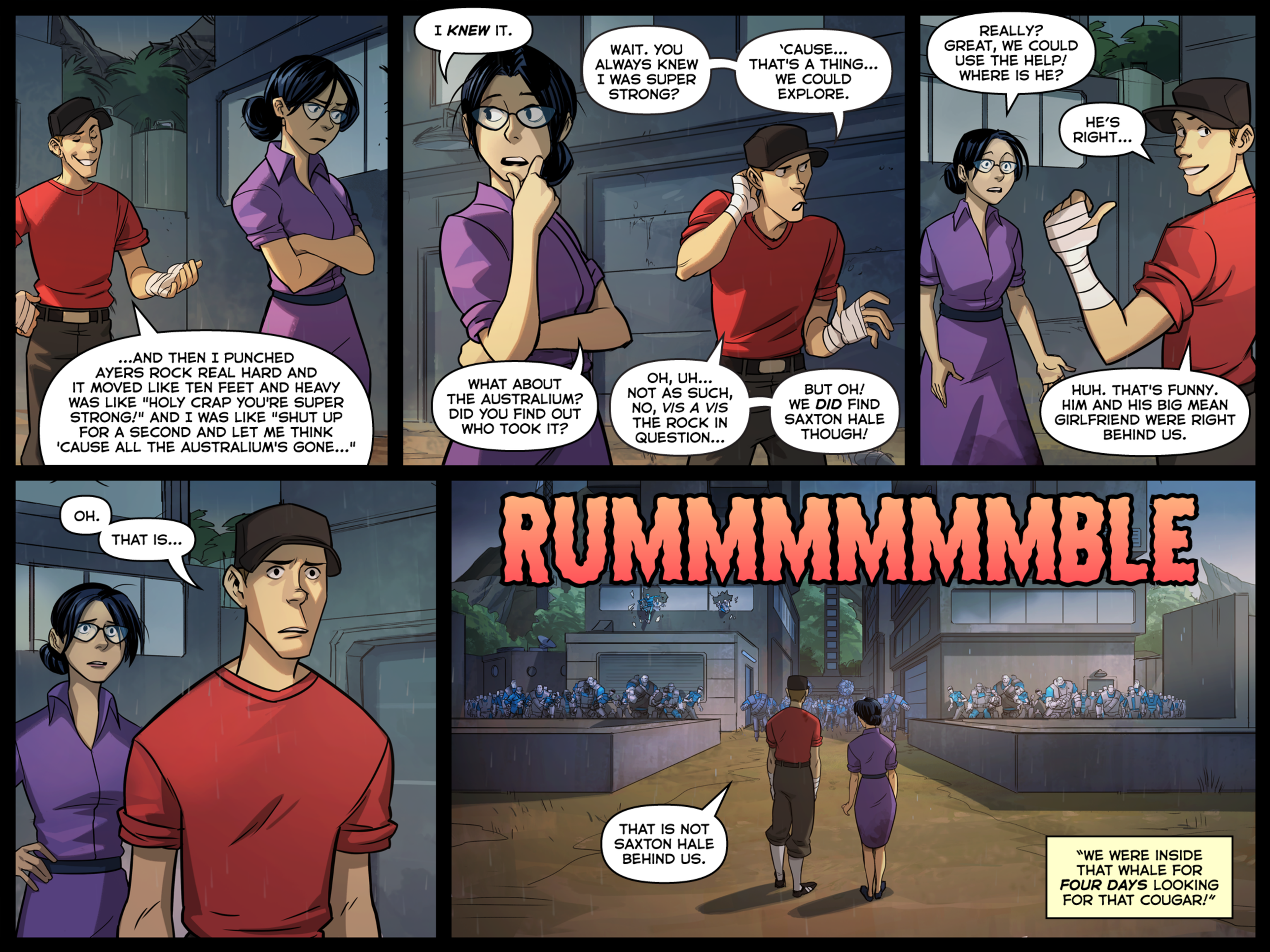
THAT IS NOT SAXTON HALE BEHIND US.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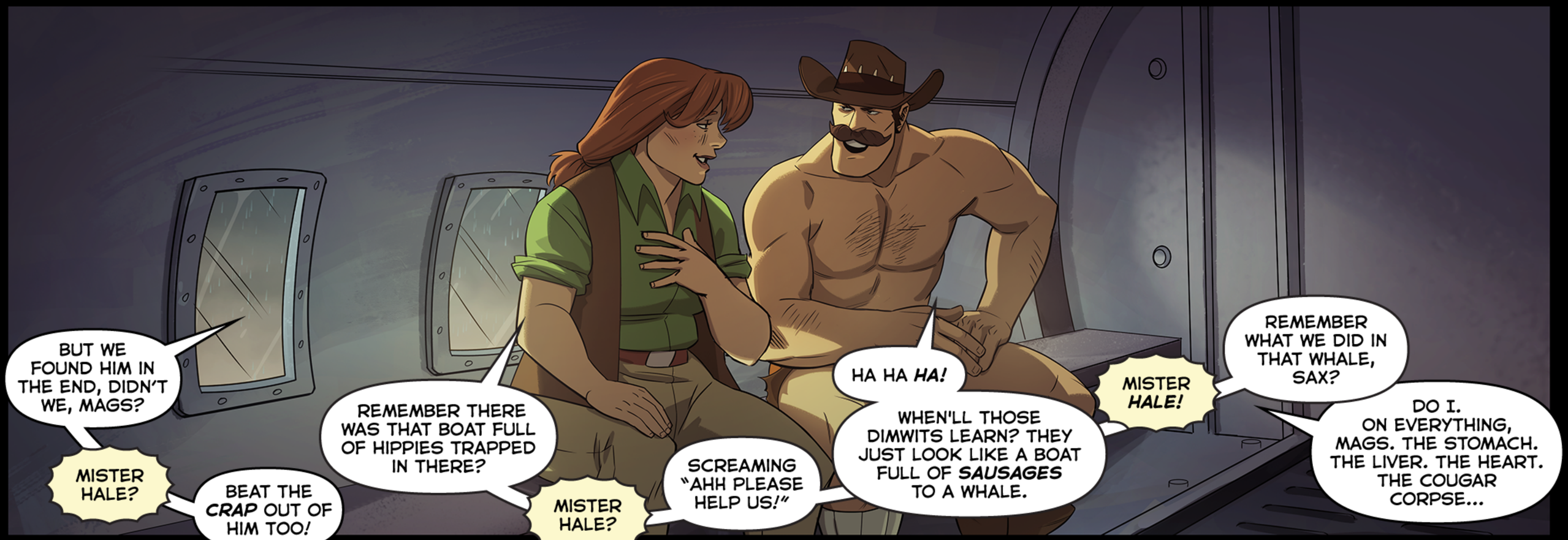
"WE WERE INSIDE THAT WHALE FOR FOUR DAYS LOOKING FOR THAT COUGAR!"

BUT WE FOUND HIM IN THE END, DIDN'T WE, MAGS?
MISTER HALE?
BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF HIM TOO!

BUT WE FOUND HIM IN THE END, DIDN'T WE, MAGS?
MISTER HALE?
BEAT THE *CRAP* OUT OF HIM TOO!
REMEMBER THERE WAS THAT BOAT FULL OF HIPPIES TRAPPED IN THERE?
MISTER HALE?
SCREAMING "AHH PLEASE HELP US!"
HA HA *HA!*
WHEN'LL THOSE DIMWITS LEARN? THEY JUST LOOK LIKE A BOAT FULL OF *SAUSAGES* TO A WHALE.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MISTER *HALE!*
REMEMBER WHAT WE DID IN THAT WHALE, SAX?
DO I. ON EVERYTHING, MAGS. THE STOMACH. THE LIVER. THE HEART. THE COUGAR CORPSE...

MISTER HALE!
IF YOU'RE GOING TO JUMP, IT NEEDS TO BE NOW. WE ARE OUT OF FUEL.
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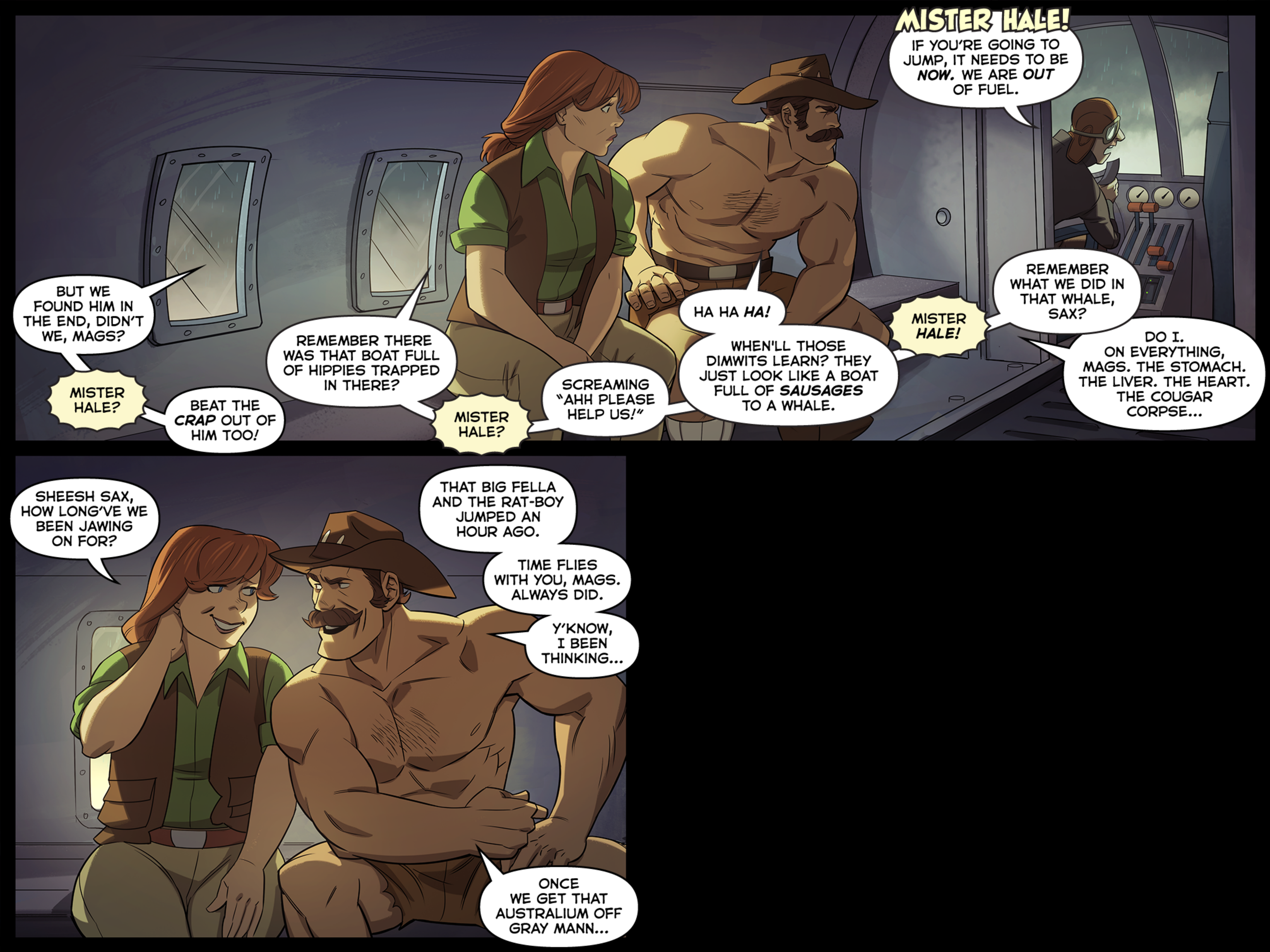
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SHEESH SAX, HOW LONG'VE WE BEEN JAWING ON FOR?
THAT BIG FELLA AND THE RAT-BOY JUMPED AN HOUR AGO.
TIME FLIES WITH YOU, MAGS. ALWAYS DID.
Y'KNOW, I BEEN THINKING...
ONCE WE GET THAT AUSTRALIUM OFF GRAY MANN...

MISTER HALE!
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ONCE WE GET THAT AUSTRALIUM OFF GRAY MANN...
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MAGS! YOU SHOULD COME RUN IT WITH ME!

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JUST THE TWO OF US! WOULDN'T THAT BE GREAT?

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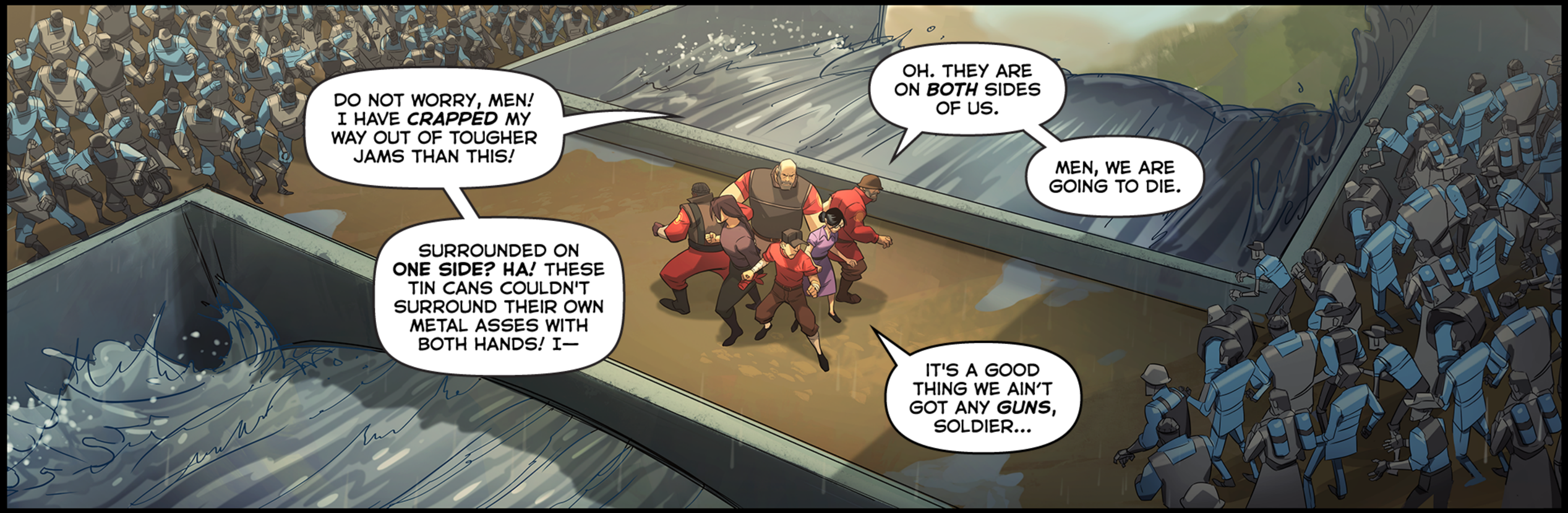
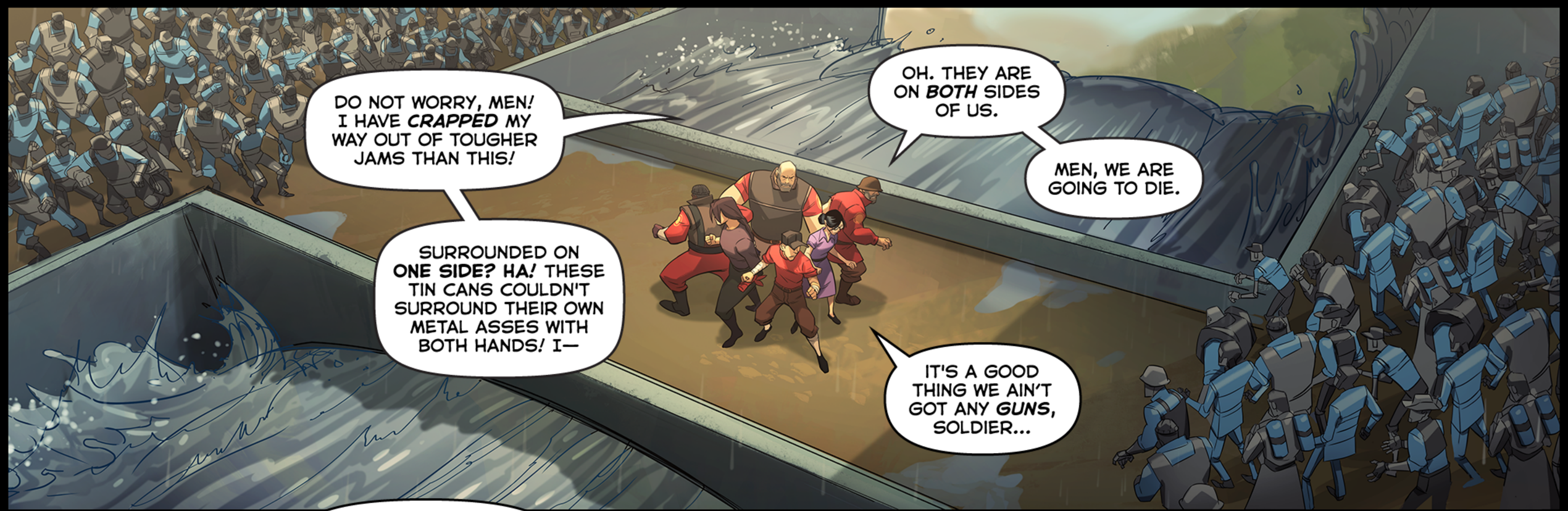
DO I. ON EVERYTHING, MAGS. THE STOMACH. THE LIVER. THE HEART. THE COUGAR CORPSE...
SHEESH SAX, HOW LONG'VE WE BEEN JAWING ON FOR?
THAT BIG FELLA AND THE RAT-BOY JUMPED AN HOUR AGO.
TIME FLIES WITH YOU, MAGS. ALWAYS DID.
Y'KNOW, I BEEN THINKING...
ONCE WE GET THAT AUSTRALIUM OFF GRAY MANN...
...DARLING PROMISED HE'D GET ME MANN CO. BACK!
MAGS! YOU SHOULD COME RUN IT WITH ME!
JUST THE TWO OF US! WOULDN'T THAT BE GREAT?
MAGS?


DO NOT WORRY, MEN! I HAVE CRAPPED MY WAY OUT OF TOUGHER JAMS THAN THIS!
SURROUNDED ON ONE SIDE? HA! THESE TIN CANS COULDN'T SURROUND THEIR OWN METAL ASSES WITH BOTH HANDS! I—
OH. THEY ARE ON BOTH SIDES OF US.
MEN, WE ARE GOING TO DIE.
IT'S A GOOD THING WE AIN'T GOT ANY GUNS, SOLDIER...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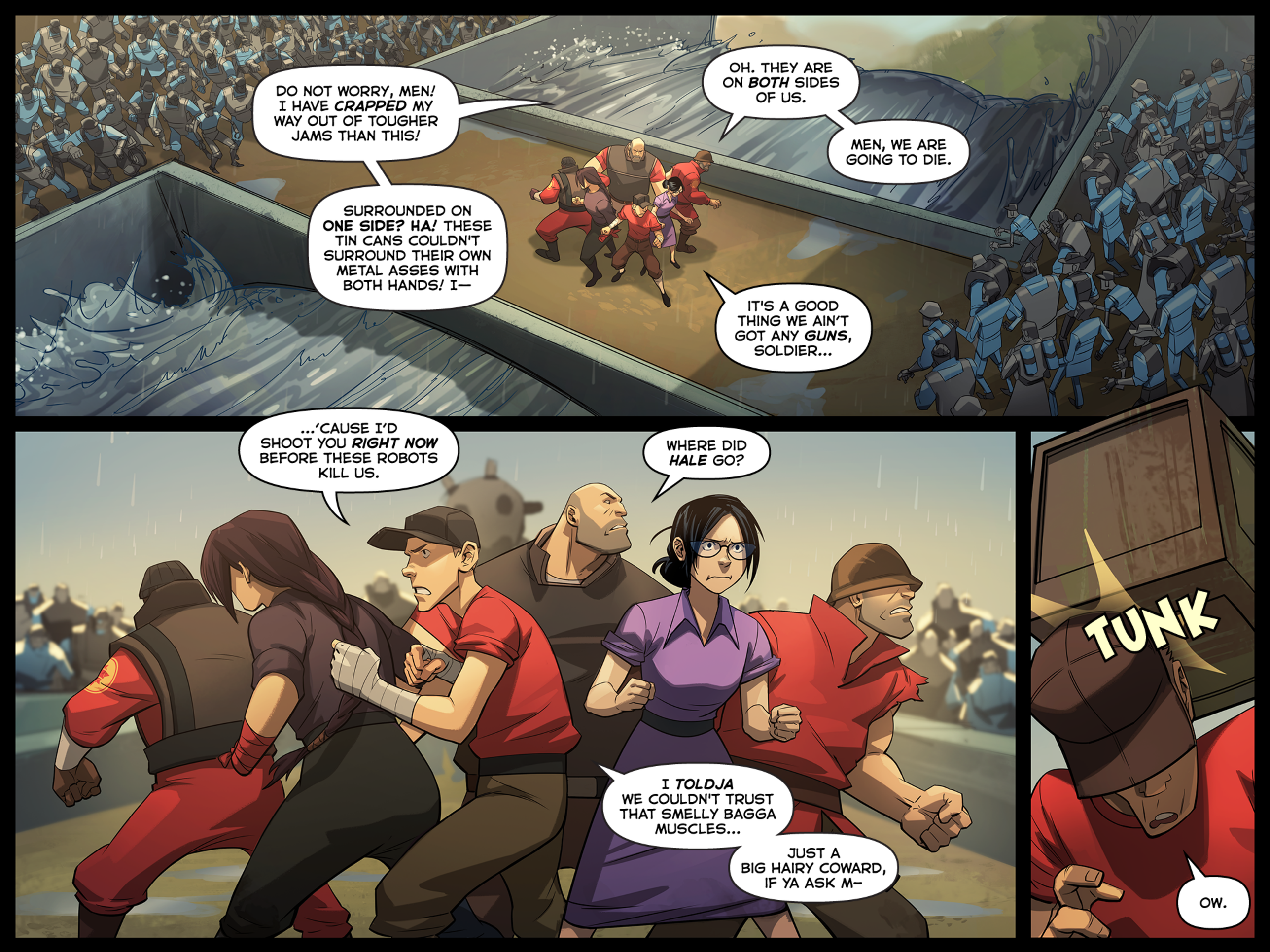
...'CAUSE I'D SHOOT YOU ***RIGHT NOW*** BEFORE THESE ROBOTS KILL US.
WHERE DID ***HALE*** GO?
I ***TOLDJA*** WE COULDN'T TRUST THAT SMELLY BAGGA MUSCLES...
JUST A BIG HAIRY COWARD, IF YA ASK M–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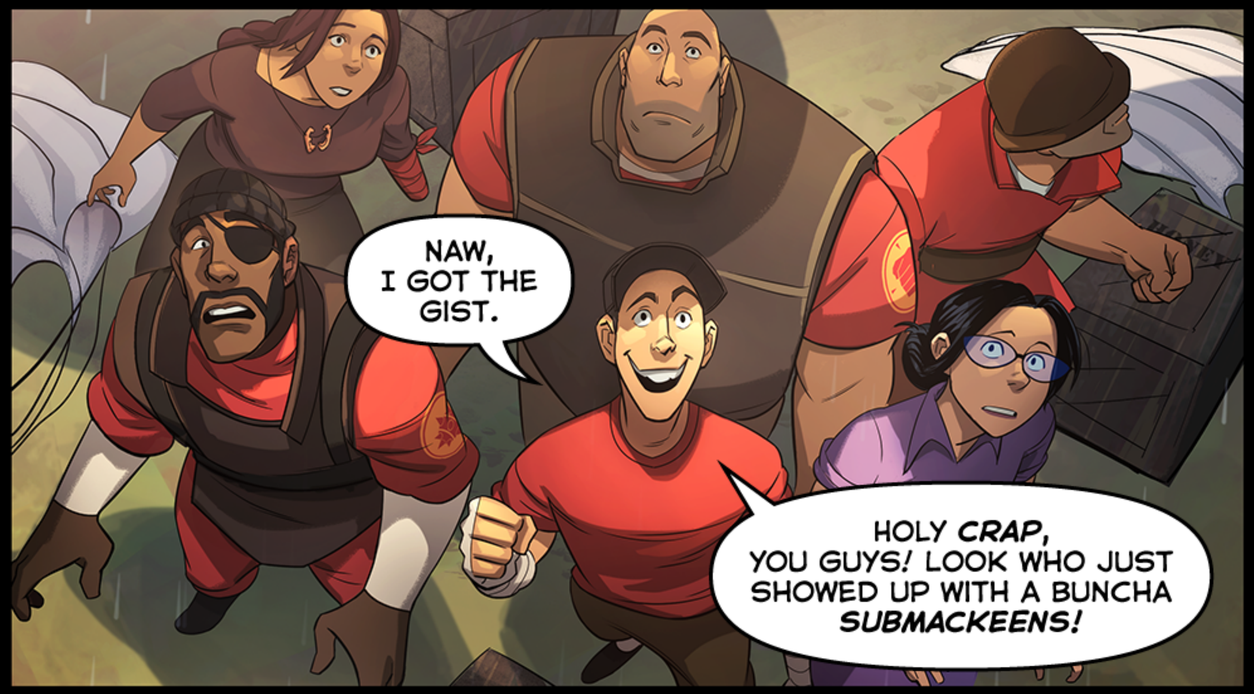
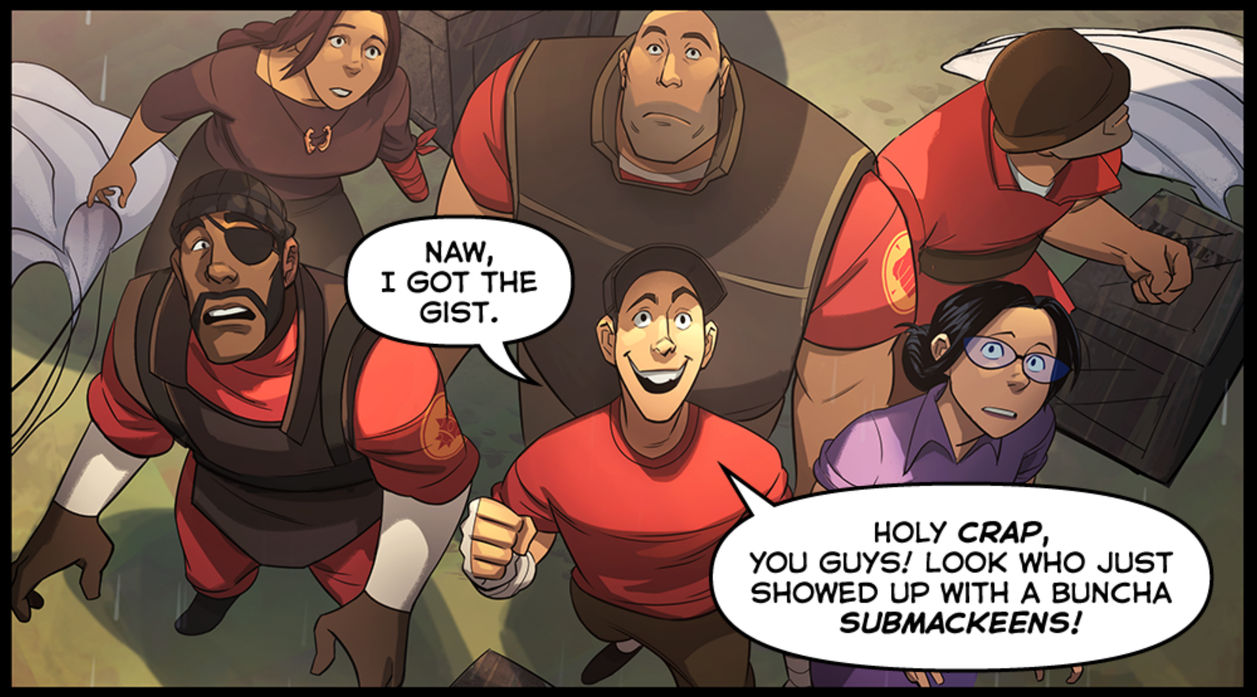
WHERE DID HALE GO?
I TOLDJA WE COULDN'T TRUST THAT SMELLY BAGGA MUSCLES...
JUST A BIG HAIRY COWARD, IF YA ASK M–
TUNK
OW.

SUB... SUBMACK... MACKEEN...
NO, WAIT. LEMME START OVER. SUBM–
SCOUT, READ FASTER.
SUBMACHINE GUNS


NAW, I GOT THE GIST.
HOLY CRAP, YOU GUYS! LOOK WHO JUST SHOWED UP WITH A BUNCHA SUBMACKEENS!



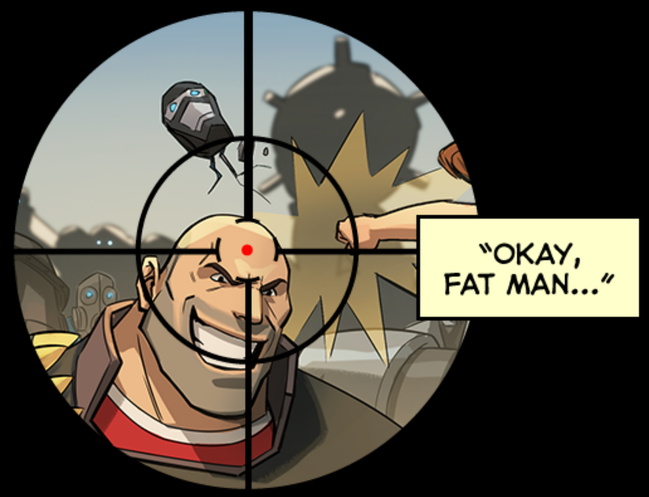
SAXTON HAAAALE!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

SMASH

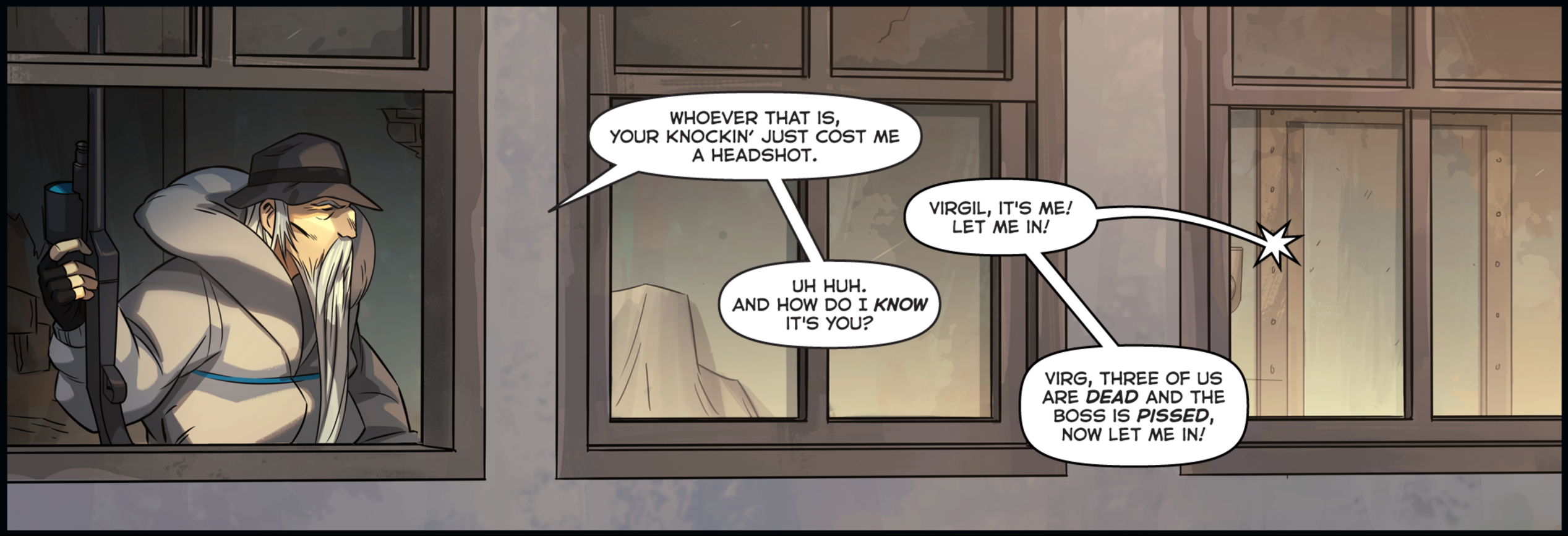
SMASH

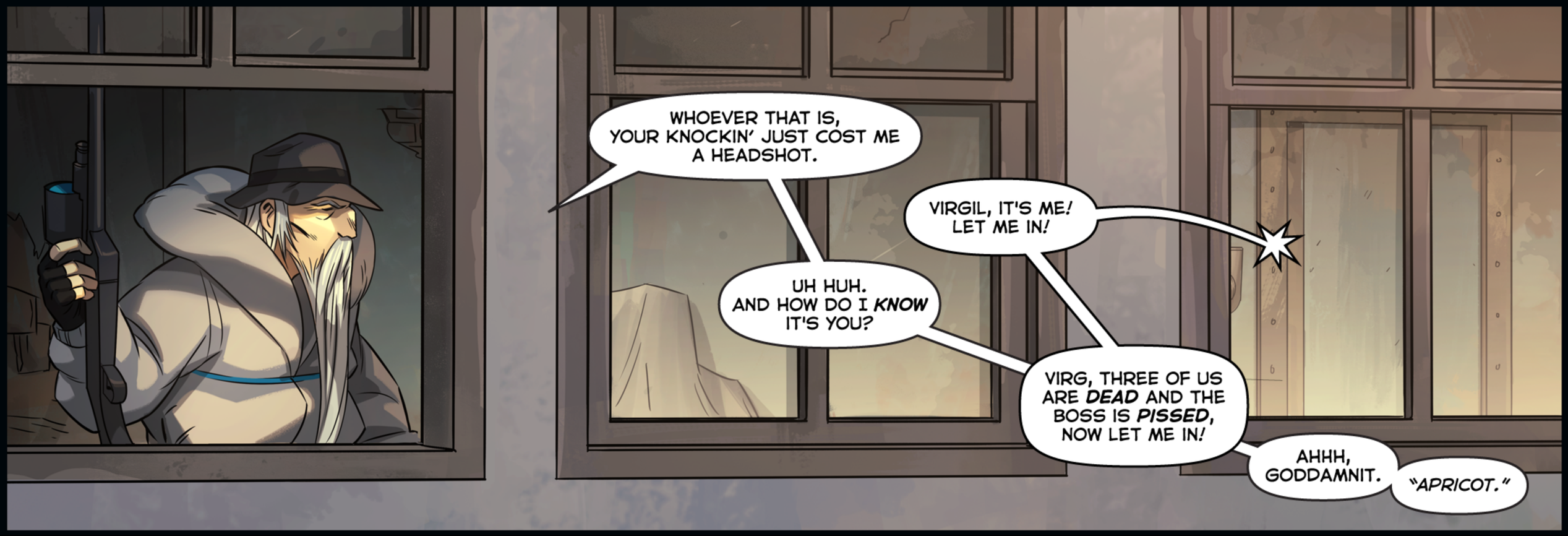
SMASH
AHHH, SASHA.
I HAVE MISSED YOUR VOICE.
WWWHHHHHHHHHRRRRRR


"OKAY, FAT MAN..."

HOW ABOUT YOU GO *FIRST?*

KNOCK KNOCK
DAMN IT ALL!


WHOEVER THAT IS, YOUR KNOCKIN' JUST COST ME A HEADSHOT.
UH HUH. AND HOW DO I *KNOW* IT'S YOU?
VIRGIL, IT'S ME! LET ME IN!
VIRG, THREE OF US ARE *DEAD* AND THE BOSS IS *PISSED*, NOW LET ME IN!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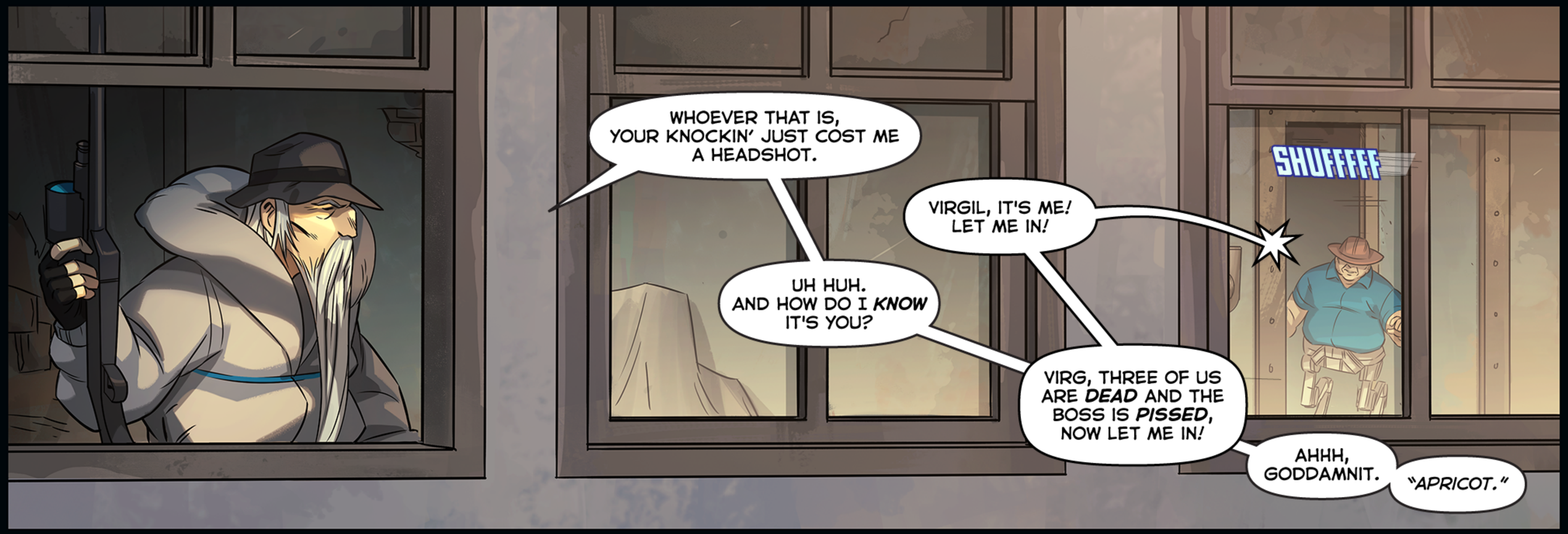
AHHH, GODDAMNIT.
"APRICOT."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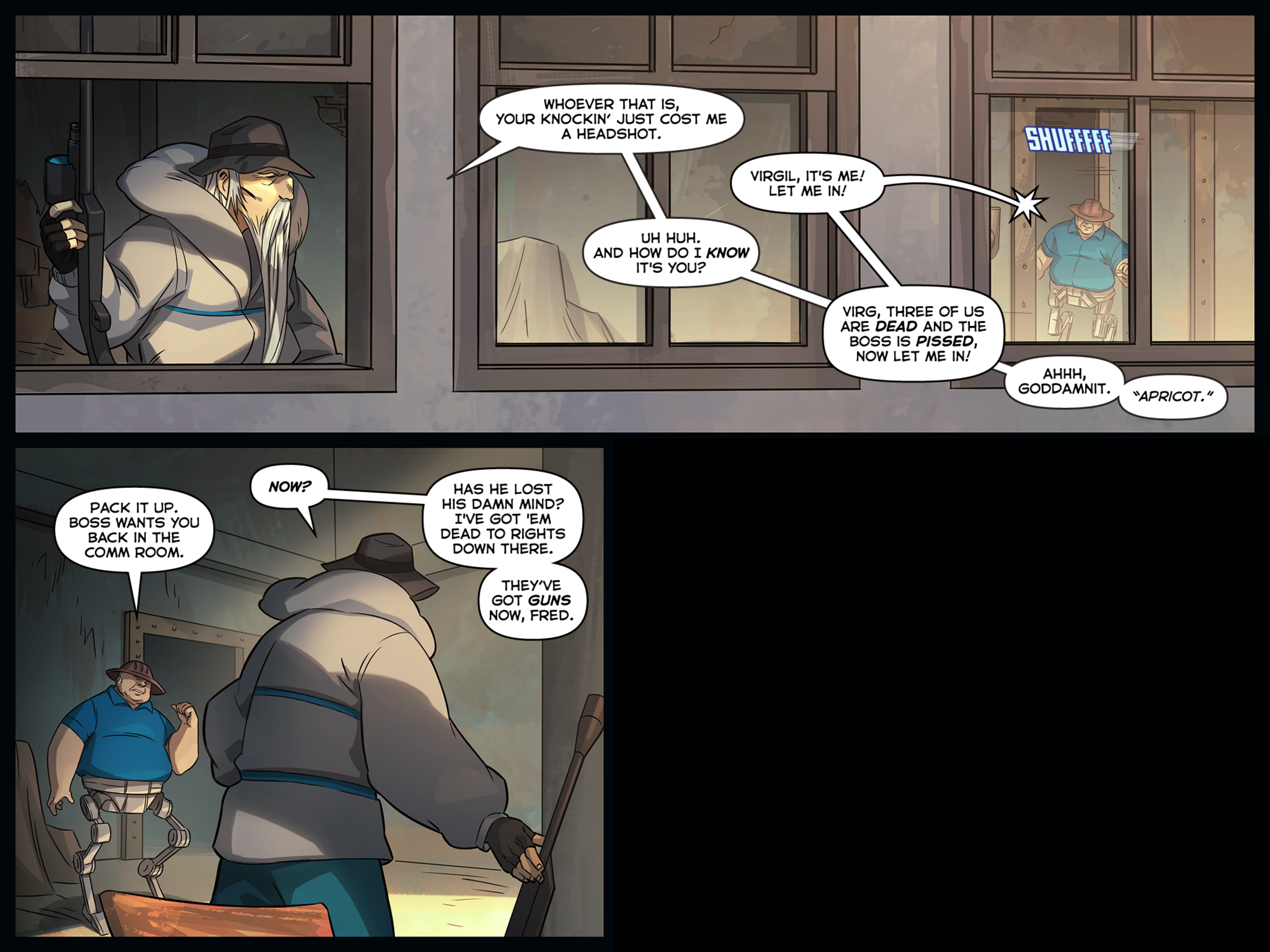
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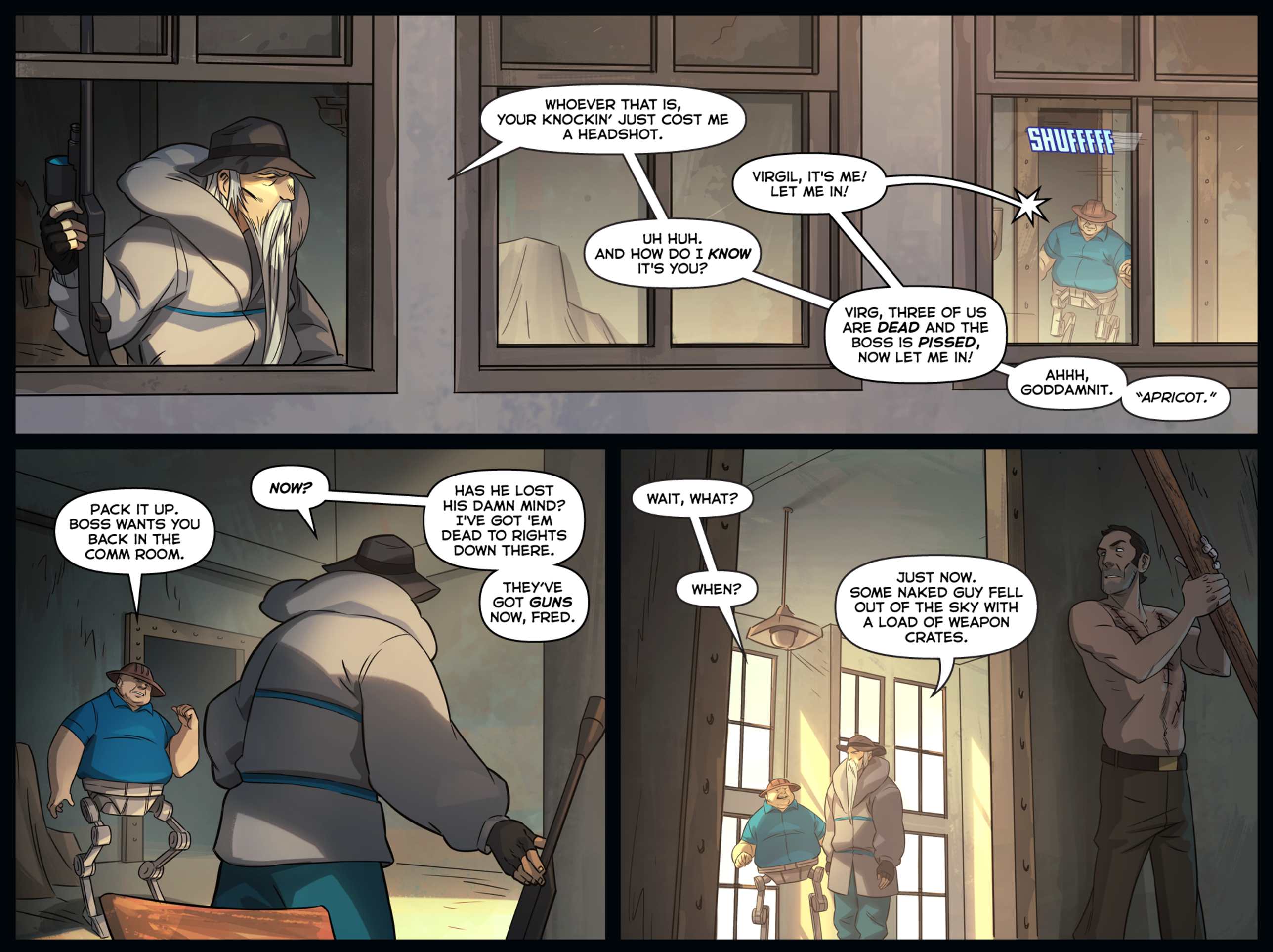
SHUFFFFF
AHHH, GODDAMNIT.
"APRICOT."
PACK IT UP. BOSS WANTS YOU BACK IN THE COMM ROOM.
NOW?
HAS HE LOST HIS DAMN MIND? I'VE GOT 'EM DEAD TO RIGHTS DOWN THERE.
THEY'VE GOT GUNS NOW, FRED.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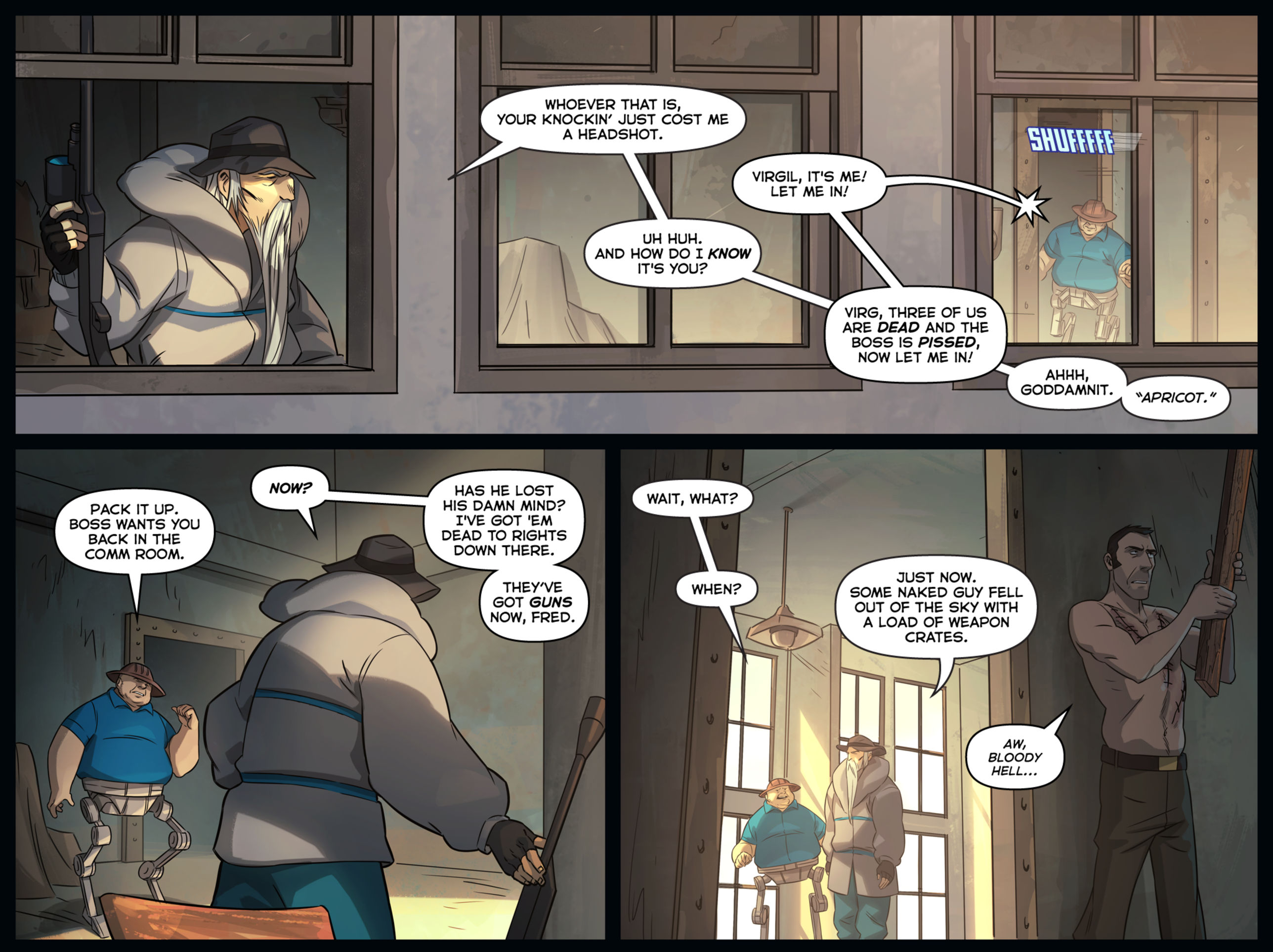
WAIT, WHAT?
WHEN?
JUST NOW. SOME NAKED GUY FELL OUT OF THE SKY WITH A LOAD OF WEAPON CRATES.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THEY'VE GOT *GUNS* NOW, FRED.
WAIT, WHAT?
WHEN?
JUST NOW. SOME NAKED GUY FELL OUT OF THE SKY WITH A LOAD OF WEAPON CRATES.
AW, BLOODY HELL...

WELL, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE BOSS WANTS TO TALK ABOUT. I KNOW HE'S GOT *SOMETHING* PLANNED, ANYWAY.
YEAH, FINE. LET'S GO.
"APRICOT."

WELL, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE BOSS WANTS TO TALK ABOUT. I KNOW HE'S GOT *SOMETHING* PLANNED, ANYWAY.
YEAH, FINE. LET'S GO.
"APRICOT."
SHUFFFFF
BLAM

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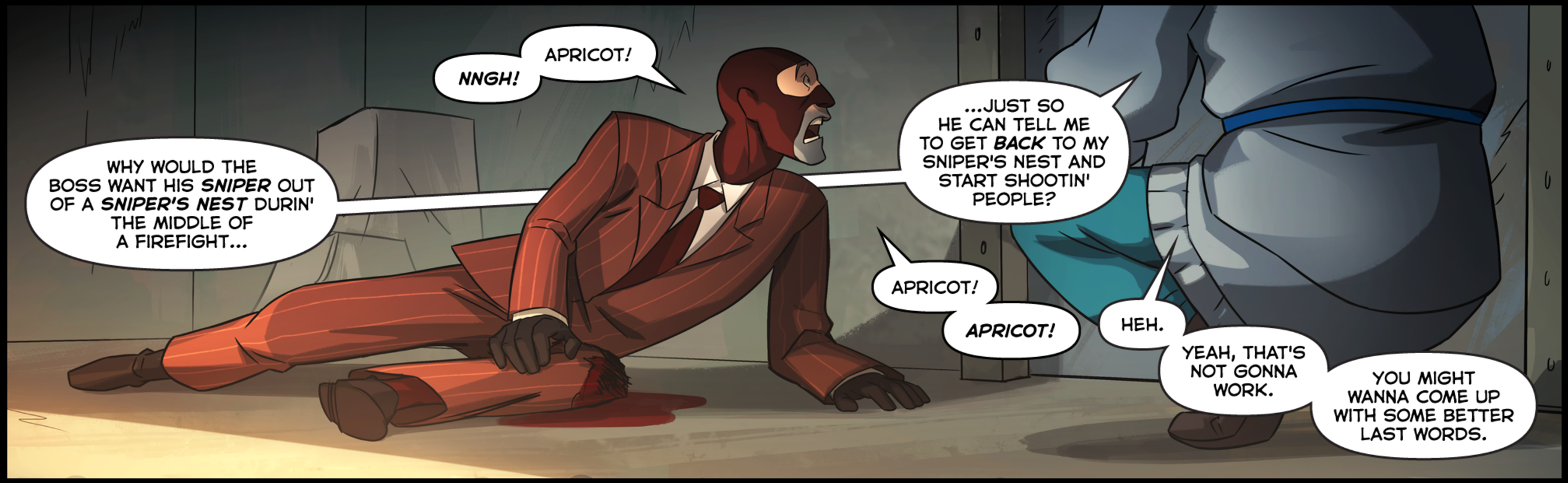
YEAH, FINE. LET'S GO.
"APRICOT."
SHUFFFFF
BLAM
GER.
BUGGER.
BUGGER.
BUGGER.
BUGGER.

NNGH!
APRICOT!
WHY WOULD THE BOSS WANT HIS SNIPER OUT OF A SNIPER'S NEST DURIN' THE MIDDLE OF A FIREFIGHT...
...JUST SO HE CAN TELL ME TO GET BACK TO MY SNIPER'S NEST AND START SHOOTIN' PEOPLE?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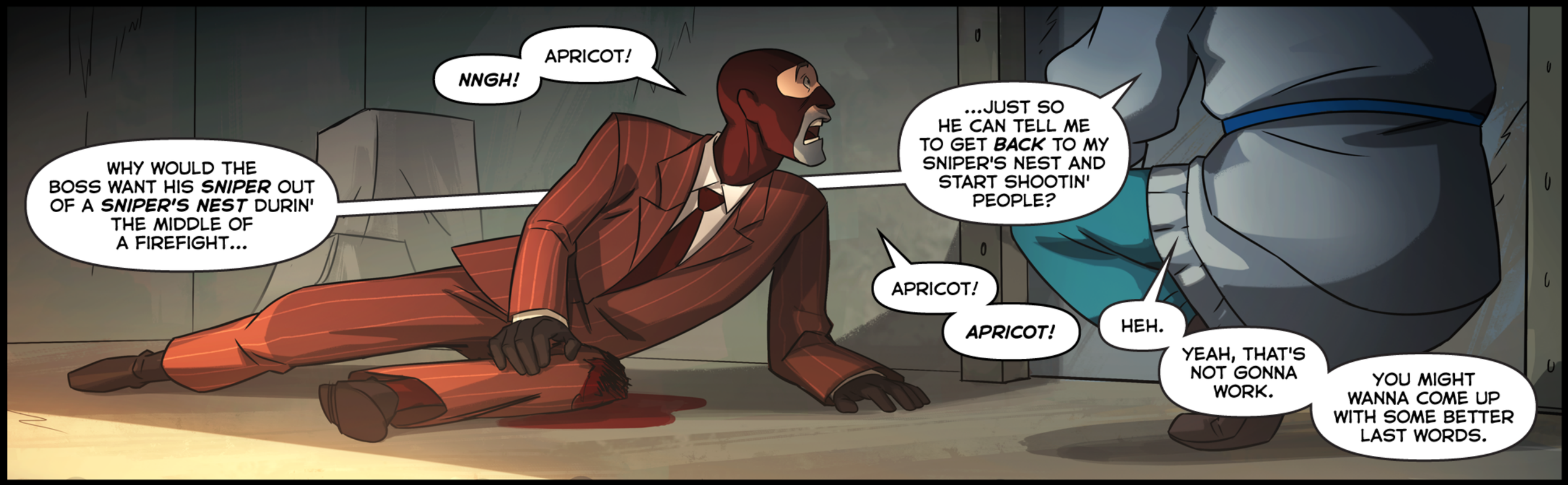
APRICOT!
APRICOT!
HEH.
YEAH, THAT'S NOT GONNA WORK.
YOU MIGHT WANNA COME UP WITH SOME BETTER LAST WORDS.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WHY WOULD THE BOSS WANT HIS *SNIPER* OUT OF A *SNIPER'S NEST* DURIN' THE MIDDLE OF A FIREFIGHT...

NNGH!

APRICOT!

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APRICOT!
HEH.
YEAH, THAT'S NOT GONNA WORK.
YOU MIGHT WANNA COME UP WITH SOME BETTER LAST WORDS.
RRNNH!
WHAM
HFF
HFF
HFF
HFF
BUGGER.
BUGGER.
AGGH. BUGGER...

FRED AND I BEEN WORKIN' TOGETHER SINCE BEFORE THE WAR.
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH?
THAT WAS A GOOD FRED.
NNGH!
NOT GOOD ENOUGH, EVIDENTLY.
NAH, IT WOULDA FOOLED ME.
THING IS, I KNOW FRED SO WELL...

I TRUSTED HIM. TO PLUCK MY EYES OUT AND REPLACE 'EM WITH THESE.
DAMN THINGS SEE THROUGH EVERYTHING. CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT. THEY SEE THROUGH MY EYELIDS.
TAK TAK
BUT LEMME TELL YOU...
IT'S WORTH IT TO SEE YOU RAT@#$% SPIES COMING.

NGH!
WELL.
BEFORE YOU KILL ME.

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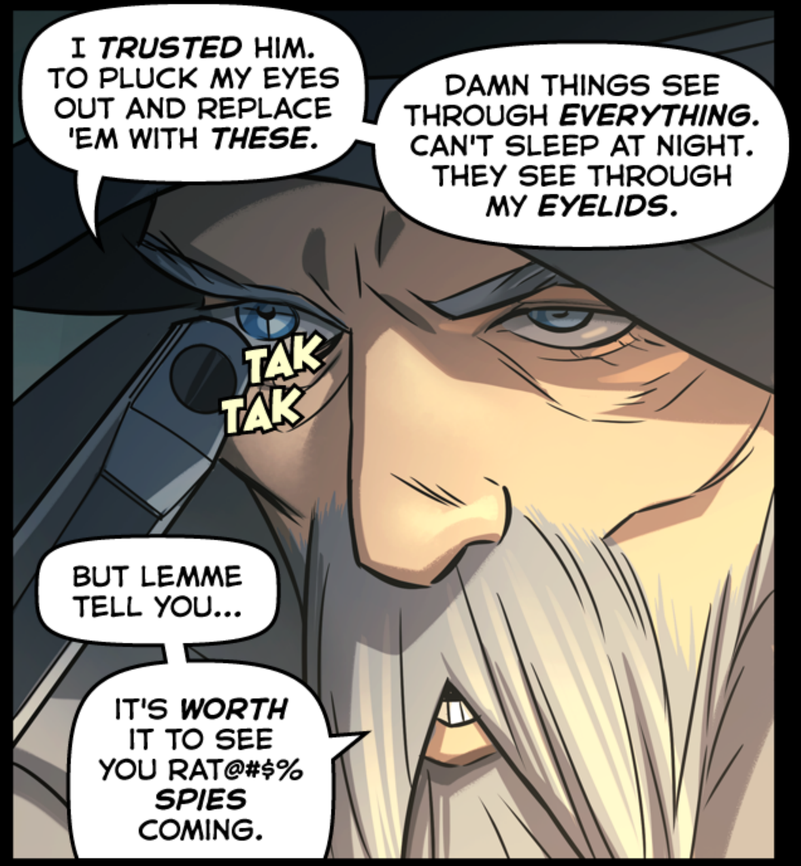
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NGH!
WELL.
BEFORE YOU KILL ME.
WOULD YOU MIND...
...IF I HAD A CIGARETTE?

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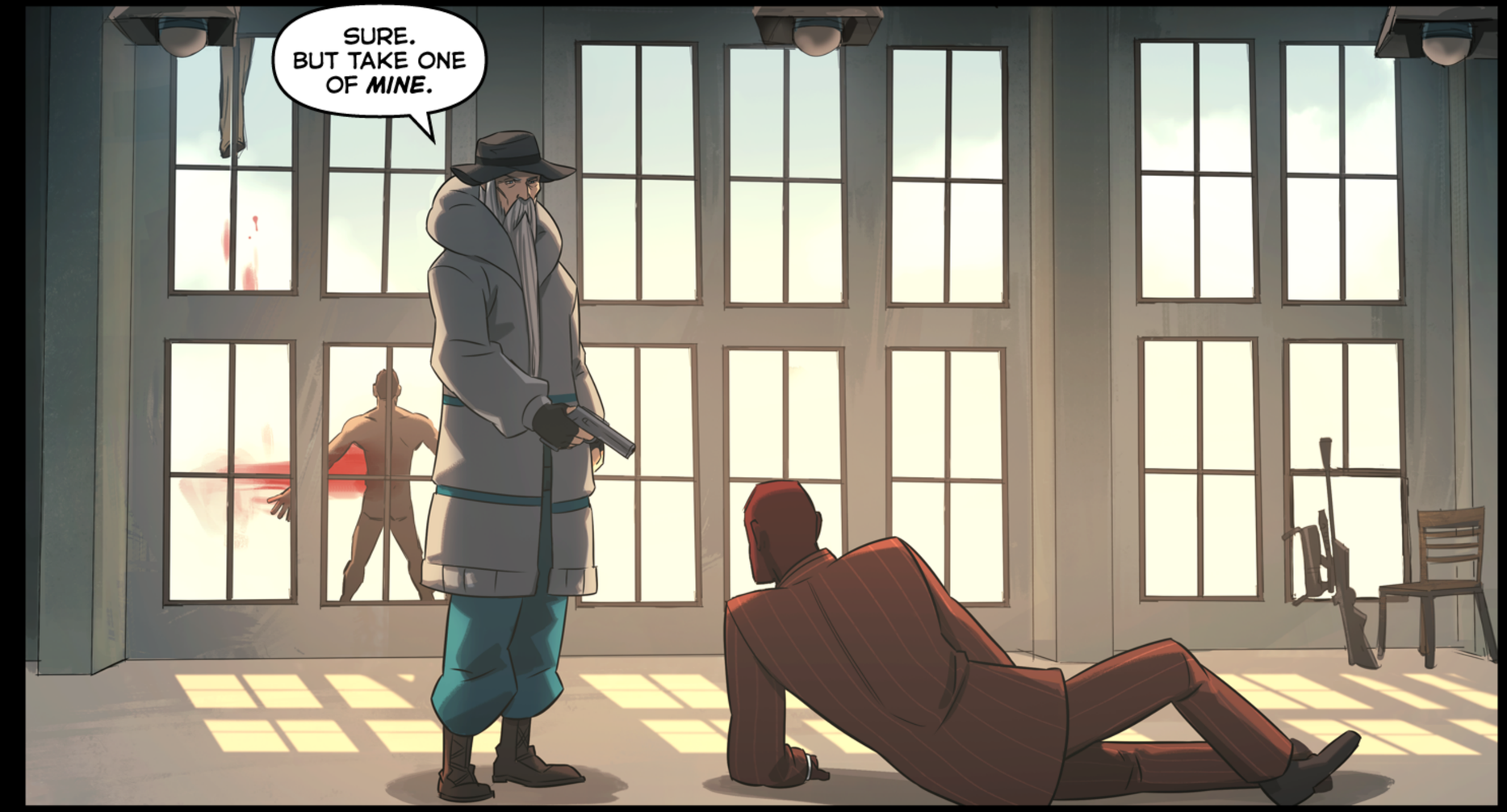
SURE. BUT TAKE ONE OF MINE.

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FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH?
THAT WAS A GOOD FRED.
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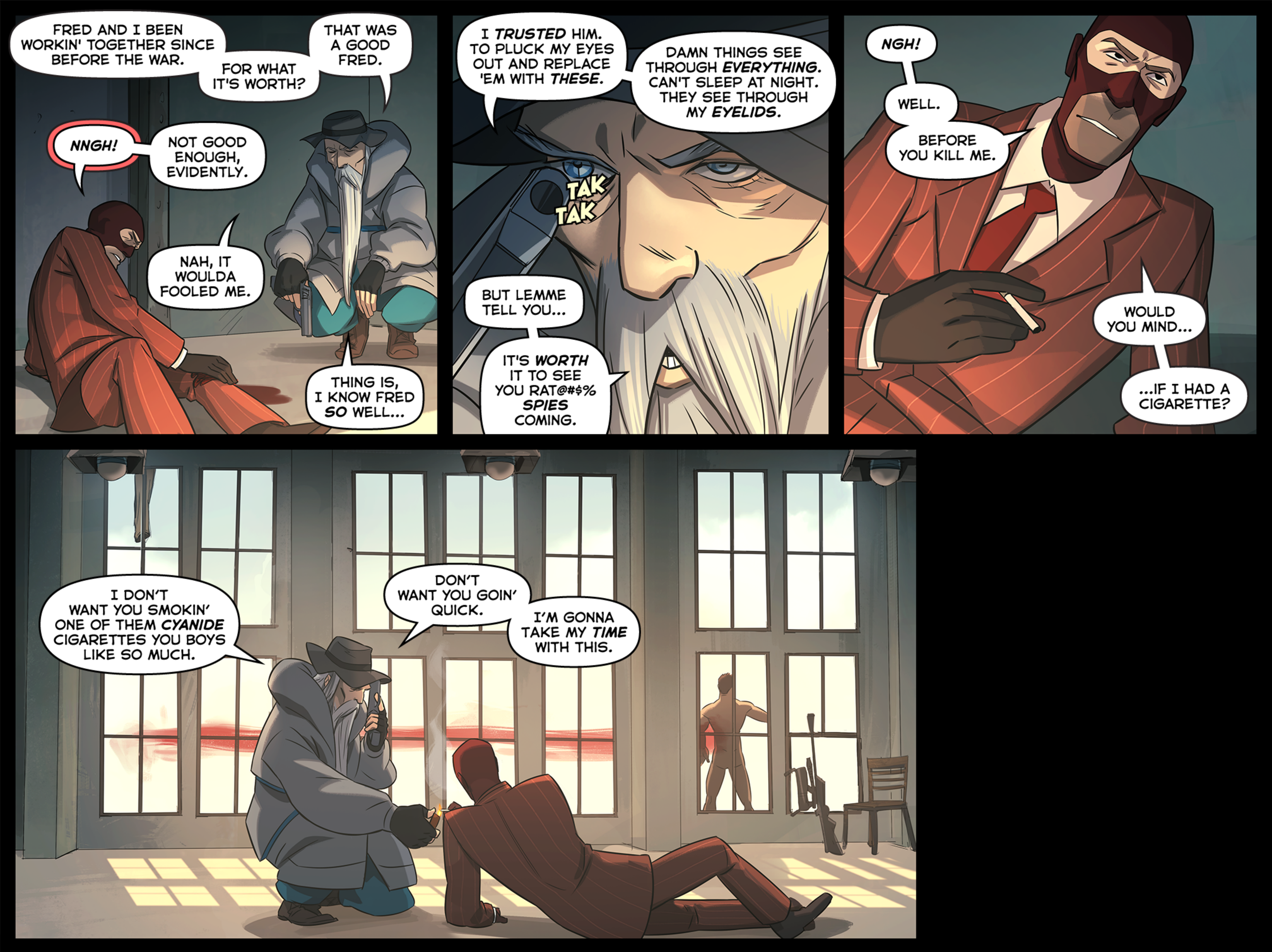
NGH!
WELL.
BEFORE YOU KILL ME.
WOULD YOU MIND...
...IF I HAD A CIGARETTE?

I DON'T WANT YOU SMOKIN' ONE OF THEM CYANIDE CIGARETTES YOU BOYS LIKE SO MUCH.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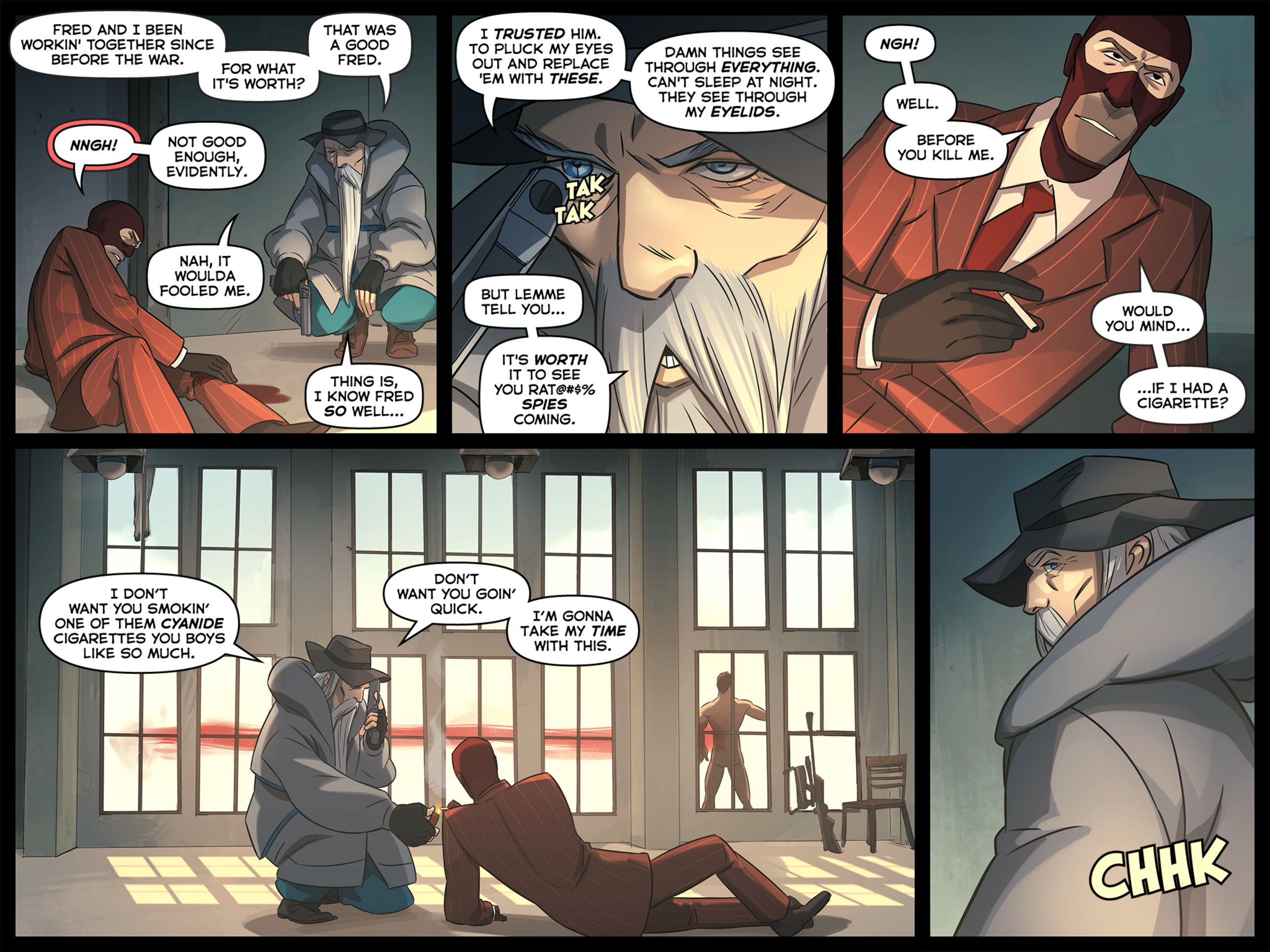
WELL.
BEFORE YOU KILL ME.
WOULD YOU MIND...
...IF I HAD A CIGARETTE?
I DON'T WANT YOU SMOKIN' ONE OF THEM CYANIDE CIGARETTES YOU BOYS LIKE SO MUCH.
DON'T WANT YOU GOIN' QUICK.
I'M GONNA TAKE MY TIME WITH THIS.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I'M GONNA TAKE MY TIME WITH THIS.
CHHK

:SIGH:
RIGHT.
NOW JUST THINK THIS THROUGH A SECOND, SON.
I'M SITTIN' ON A–

SIGH
RIGHT.
NOW JUST THINK THIS THROUGH A SECOND, SON.
I'M SITTIN' ON A–
BLAM

:SIGH:
RIGHT.
NOW JUST THINK THIS THROUGH A SECOND, SON.
I'M SITTIN' ON A–
BLAM
THUMP

IF I FORGOT TO MENTION IT BEFORE NOW...
YOU SNIPERS ARE THE *WORST PEOPLE ON THE PLANET*.
HE WASN'T A SNIPER. HE WAS A *SADIST*. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.
SNIPERS DON'T MUCK AROUND WITH GUTSHOTS AND MONOLOGUES.
WE JUST TAKE THE SHOT.

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WE JUST TAKE THE SHOT.
YES, YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE INSTITUTION OF SHOOTING PEOPLE FROM FAR AWAY.
SOME OF US WOULD HAVE *ENJOYED* TORTURING HIM FIRST, BY THE WAY.
YEAH, WELL...
NEXT TIME SPEAK UP BEFORE I BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.
LET'S HAVE ONE OF THEM CIGS.

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NEXT TIME SPEAK UP BEFORE I BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.
LET'S HAVE ONE OF THEM CIGS.
SO...
HOW DO YOU RECKON WE GET *OUTTA* HERE?

SO AFTER YE SHOT SNIPER...
TECHNICALLY I WAS ONLY PRESENT.
...YE BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD.
INGENIOUSLY SO, YES.
ACH, WELL...
THA'S ALL RIGHT THEN.

SO AFTER YE *SHOT* SNIPER...
TECHNICALLY I WAS ONLY *PRESENT*.
...YE BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD.
INGENIOUSLY SO, YES.
ACH, WELL...
THA'S ALL RIGHT THEN.
COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR THE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE?
AYE, HERE YA GO.
DANKE. THIS WON'T TAKE A MOMENT.

SO AFTER YE *SHOT* SNIPER...

TECHNICALLY I WAS ONLY *PRESENT*.

...YE BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD.

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COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR THE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE?

AYE, HERE YA GO.

DANKE. THIS WON'T TAKE A MOMENT.

YE MEAN TA TELL ME, ALL THESE YEARS...
YE COULD HAVE PUT ME EYE BACK IN ANY TIME YE BLOODY LIKED?
COULD HAVE?

MY FRIEND, I'VE GIVEN YOU YOUR EYE BACK AT LEAST EIGHT TIMES.
AND EVERY TIME IT FUNCTIONS NORMALLY UNTIL HALLOWEEN NIGHT. AT WHICH POINT IT GROWS BATWINGS AND ATTACKS US.

YE MEAN TA TELL ME, ALL THESE YEARS...
YE COULD HAVE PUT ME EYE BACK IN ANY TIME YE BLOODY LIKED?
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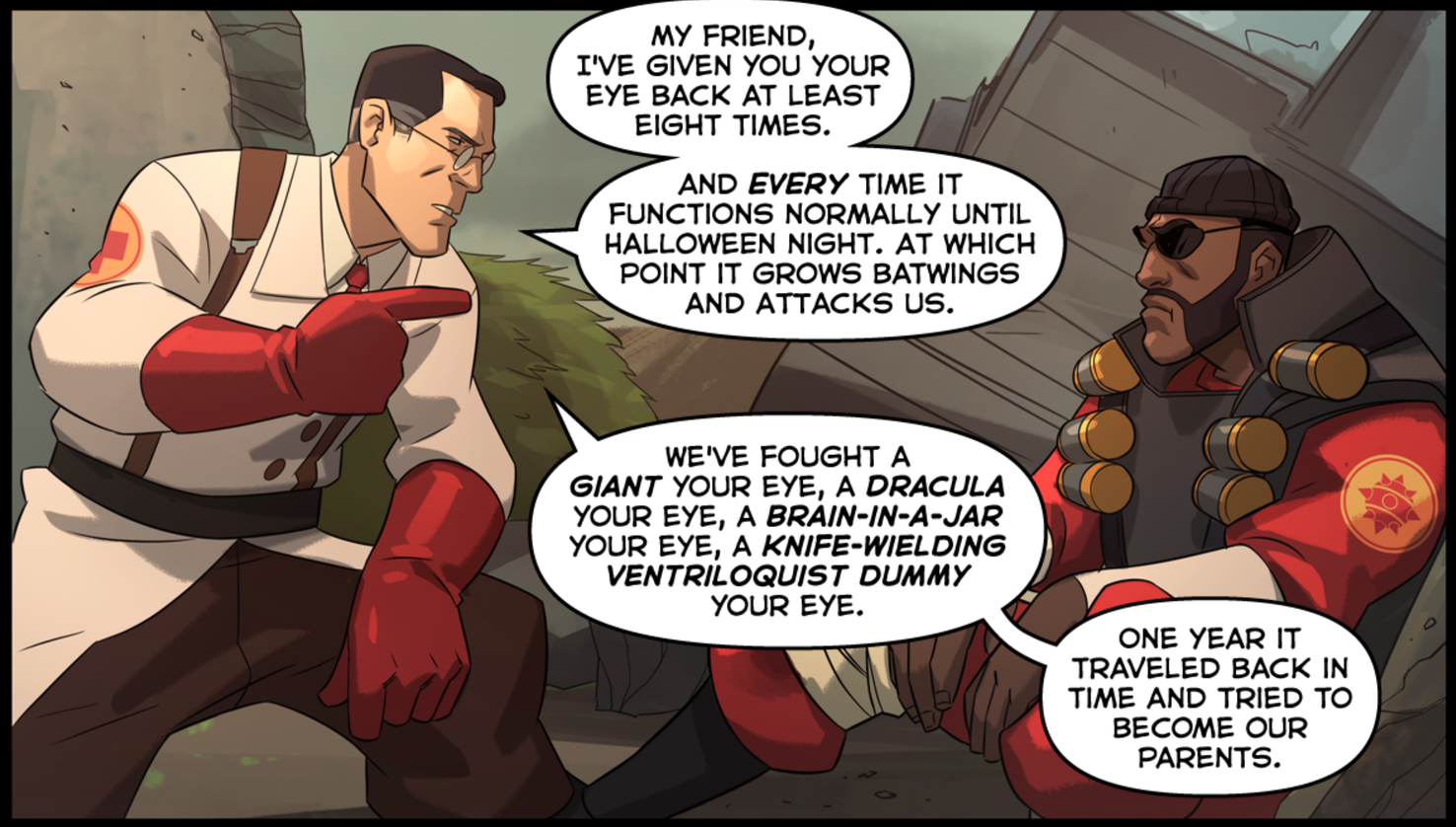
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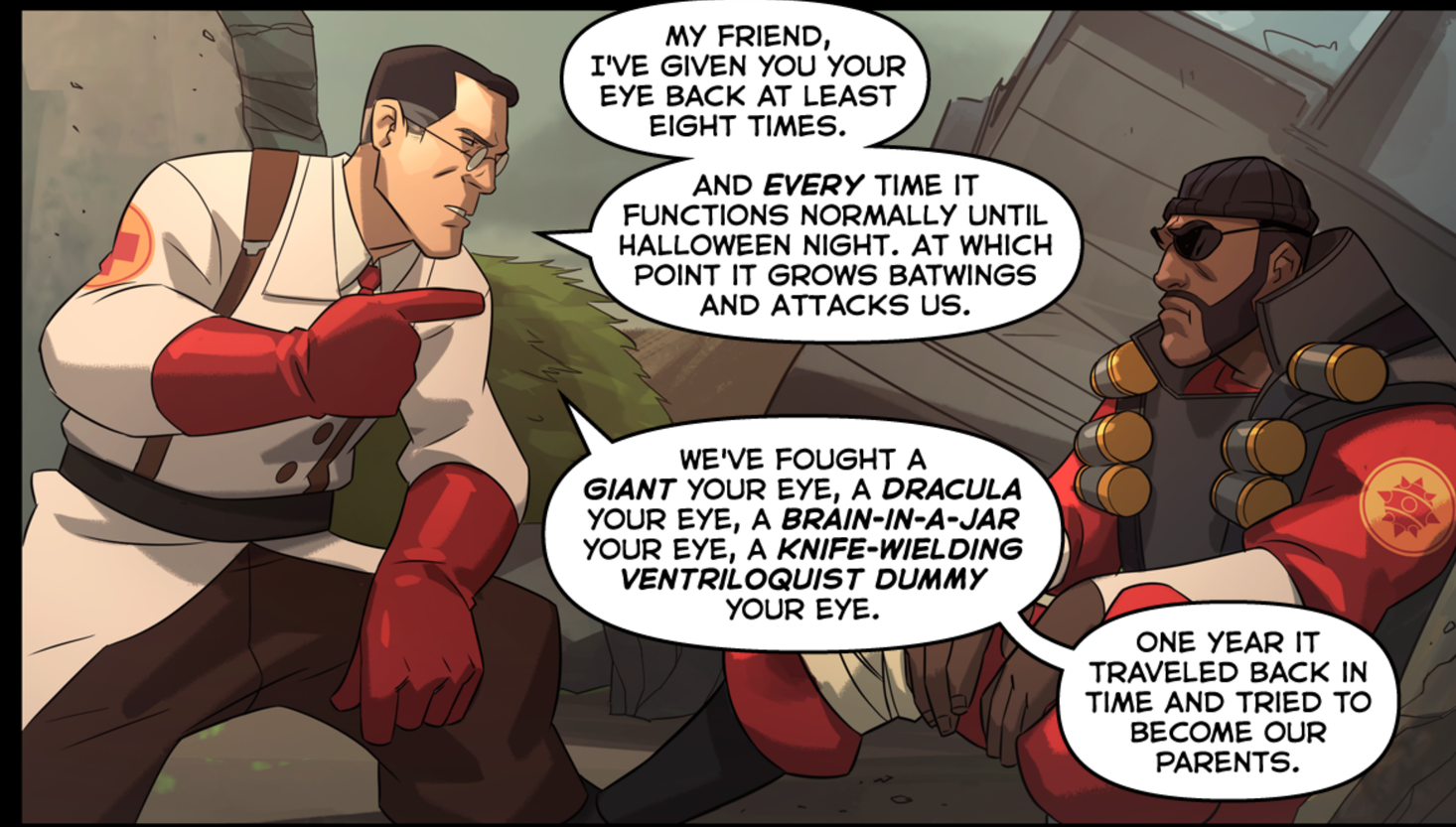
WE'VE FOUGHT A GIANT YOUR EYE, A DRACULA YOUR EYE, A BRAIN-IN-A-JAR YOUR EYE, A KNIFE-WIELDING VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY YOUR EYE.
ONE YEAR IT TRAVELED BACK IN TIME AND TRIED TO BECOME OUR PARENTS.

YE MEAN TA TELL ME, ALL THESE YEARS...
YE COULD HAVE PUT ME EYE BACK IN ANY TIME YE BLOODY LIKED?
COULD HAVE?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THE POINT IS: IN MY MEDICAL OPINION...
...AND AS A MAN OF SCIENCE I DO NOT SAY THIS LIGHTLY...
...THAT EYE SOCKET IS HAUNTED.

WAIT, WHY DON'T I REMEMBER ANY O' THIS?
OH, THAT.
I SCOOPED THAT PART OF YOUR BRAIN OUT SO YOU'D STOP ASKING ME.

YE MEAN TA TELL ME, ALL THESE YEARS...
YE COULD HAVE PUT ME EYE BACK IN ANY TIME YE BLOODY LIKED?
COULD HAVE?
MY FRIEND, I'VE GIVEN YOU YOUR EYE BACK AT LEAST EIGHT TIMES.
AND EVERY TIME IT FUNCTIONS NORMALLY UNTIL HALLOWEEN NIGHT. AT WHICH POINT IT GROWS BATWINGS AND ATTACKS US.
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WAIT, WHY DON'T I REMEMBER ANY O' THIS?
OH, THAT.
I SCOOPED THAT PART OF YOUR BRAIN OUT SO YOU'D STOP ASKING ME.
AYE, FAIR ENOUGH.

HOLD ON. I *DID* JUST ASK YOU.
SIGH I KNOW.
SADLY, BRAIN-SCOOPING IS NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.

MY ADVICE WOULD BE TO TRY NOT TO REMEMBER THINGS.
DON'T REMEMBER THINGS. GOT–

HOLD ON. I *DID* JUST ASK YOU.
:SIGH: I KNOW.
SADLY, BRAIN-SCOOPING IS NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.

HOLD ON. I *DID* JUST ASK YOU.
:SIGH: I KNOW.
SADLY, BRAIN-SCOOPING IS NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
ALSO, YOUR LEG IS FIXED.
I EVEN GAVE IT ITS OWN LITTLE BRAIN! SO GET OUT THERE AND LET'S SEE WHAT THAT DOES.
YOU'VE *GOT* IT, KINDLY STRANGER!

♫

HOLD ON. I *DID* JUST ASK YOU.
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SADLY, BRAIN-SCOOPING IS NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.

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YOU'VE *GOT* IT, KINDLY STRANGER!

FRANKENSTEIN.

HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR LAB.
AND WE ARE GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW TO STITCH THIS THING INTO ME.

HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR LAB.
AND WE ARE GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW TO STITCH THIS THING INTO ME.

OF COURSE. LET'S GET YOU ON AN OPERATING TABLE AND—
—AND YOU'LL PUT ME UNDER AND YOU'LL KILL ME. I AIN'T STUPID.
NO, YOU'RE GONNA TELL *MY* GUY HOW TO DO IT.
PLEASE. I AM A *DOCTOR*. YOU WILL NOT DIE ON MY TABLE.

HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR LAB.
AND WE ARE GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW TO STITCH THIS THING INTO ME.
OF COURSE. LET'S GET YOU ON AN OPERATING TABLE AND—
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NO, YOU'RE GONNA TELL MY GUY HOW TO DO IT.
PLEASE. I AM A DOCTOR. YOU WILL NOT DIE ON MY TABLE.
I'LL JUST KILL YOU HERE.

SLASH

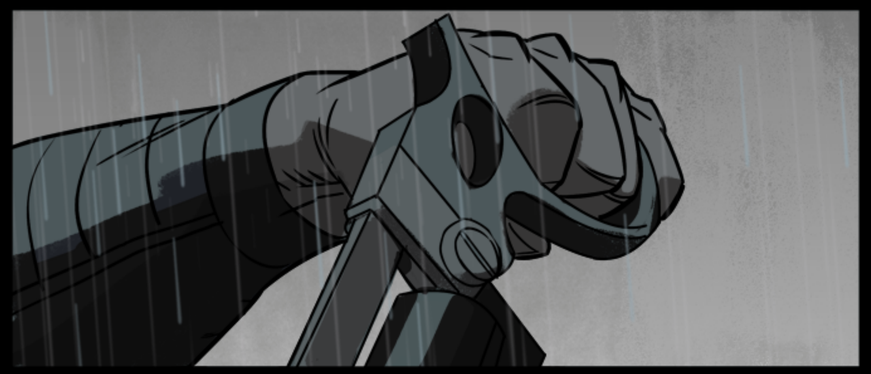
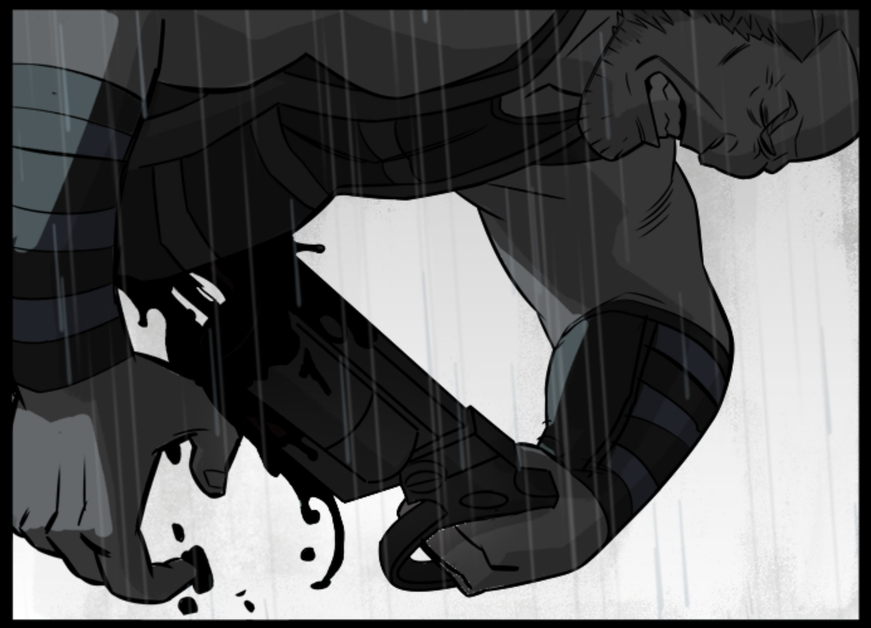
SLASH
AGH!
WHAT...

SLASH
AGH!
WHAT...
WHAT THE HELL...
WHAT THE *HELL* DID YOU JUST DO.

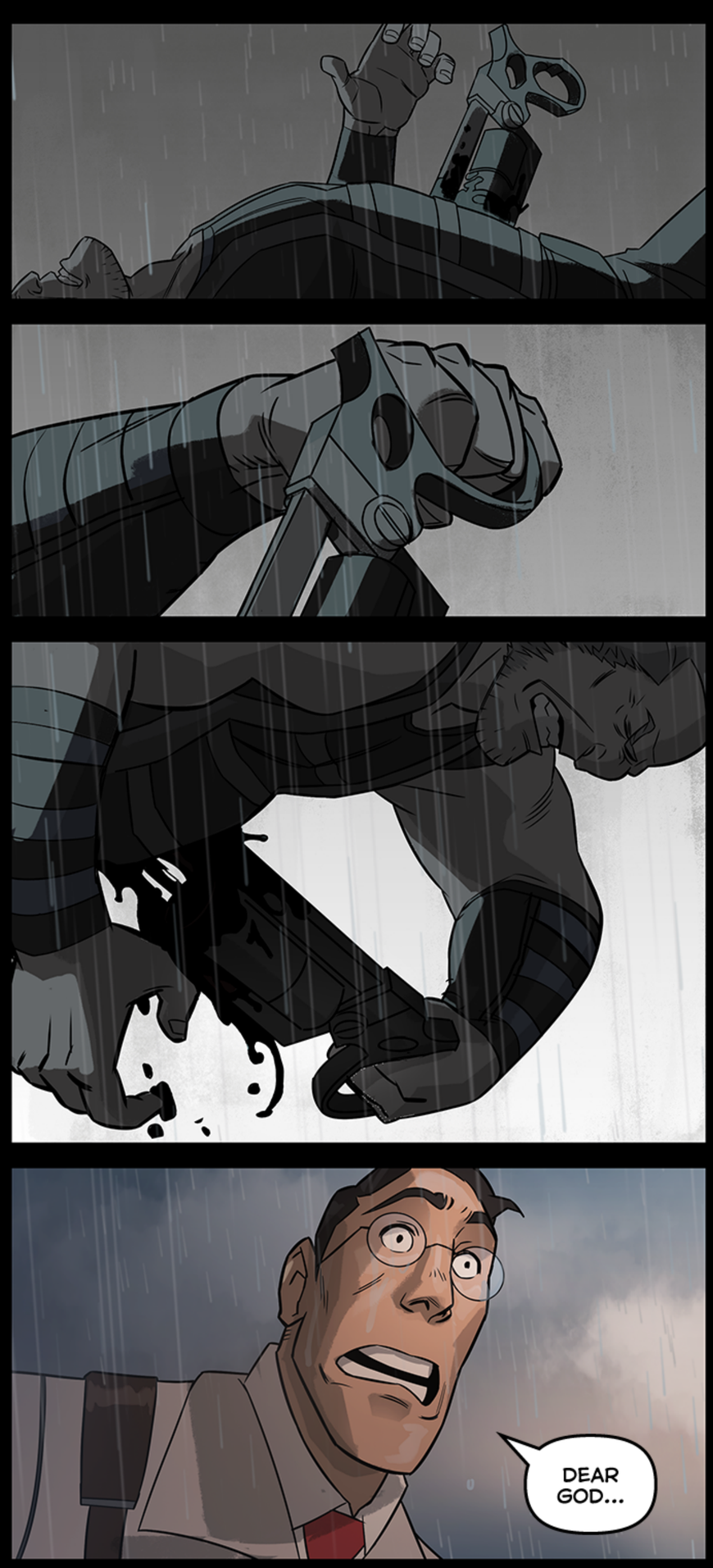
SLASH
AGH!
WHAT...
WHAT THE HELL...
WHAT THE *HELL* DID YOU JUST DO.
HERE.
LET ME SHOW YOU.
SHNK

THMPP

THMPP

DEAR GOD...

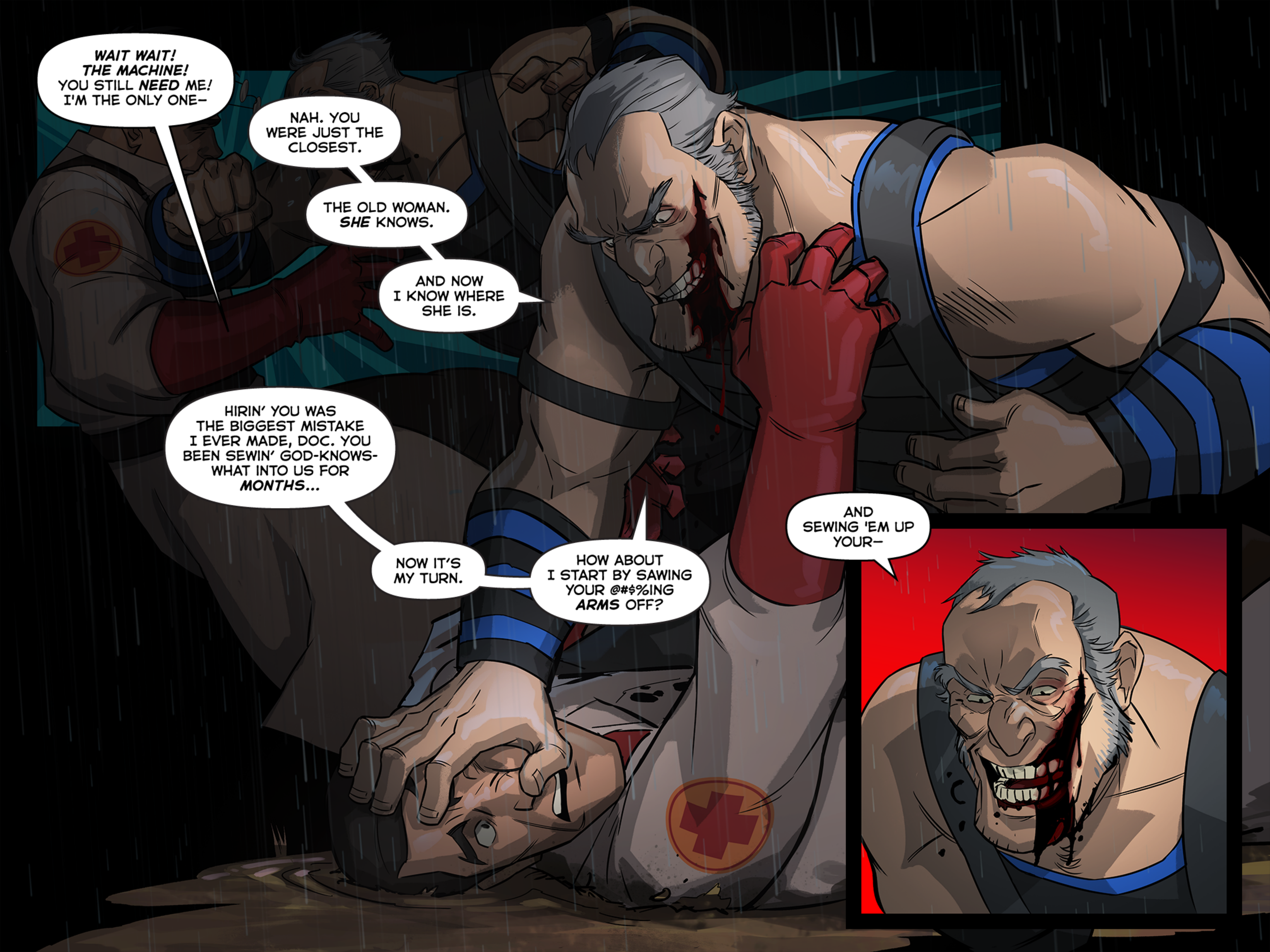
THMPP

DEAR GOD...

YOU'VE BEEN A COWARD SINCE THE DAY I HIRED YOU. I GOTTA SAY...
I DID NOT SEE THAT COMIN'.
BUT NOW?
NOW YOU GOT MY FULL ATTENTION.

RRRRAGGH!

WAIT WAIT! THE MACHINE! YOU STILL NEED ME! I'M THE ONLY ONE–
NAH. YOU WERE JUST THE CLOSEST.
THE OLD WOMAN. SHE KNOWS.
AND NOW I KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

WAIT WAIT! THE MACHINE! YOU STILL NEED ME! I'M THE ONLY ONE–
NAH. YOU WERE JUST THE CLOSEST.
THE OLD WOMAN. SHE KNOWS.
AND NOW I KNOW WHERE SHE IS.
HIRIN' YOU WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE, DOC. YOU BEEN SEWIN' GOD-KNOWS-WHAT INTO US FOR MONTHS...
NOW IT'S MY TURN.
HOW ABOUT I START BY SAWING YOUR @#$%ING ARMS OFF?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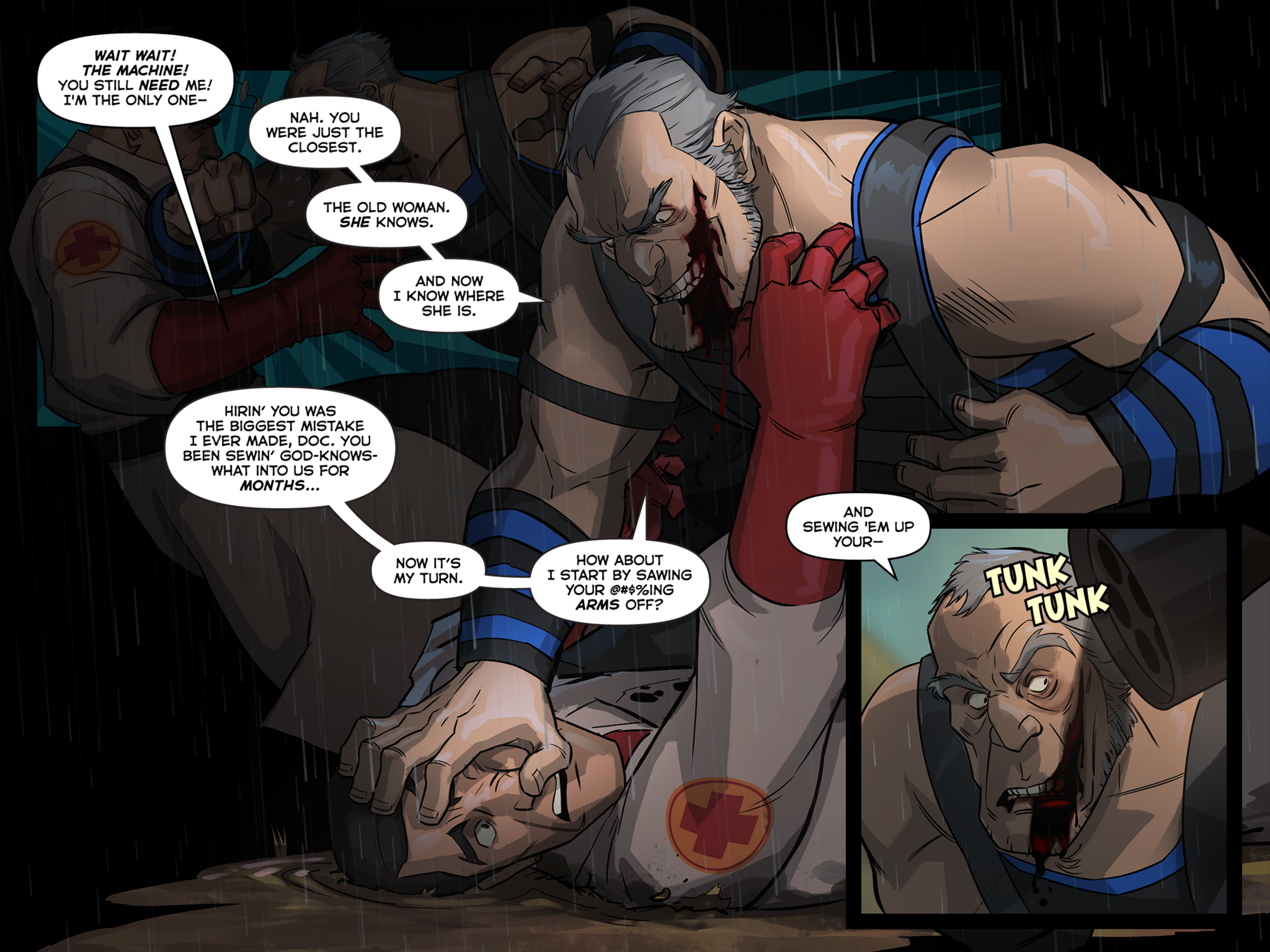
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NOW IT'S MY TURN.
HOW ABOUT I START BY SAWING YOUR @#$%ING ARMS OFF?
AND SEWING 'EM UP YOUR–
TUNK TUNK

DO NOT HIT DOCTOR.
WWWHHHHHHHRRRRRR

DO NOT HIT DOCTOR.
WWWHHHHHHHRRRRRR
AHH. THE *BIG* GUY. *FINALLY.*
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, BIG MAN.
I AIN'T GONNA LIE.
I BEEN LOOKIN' *FORWARD* TO THIS.

BUT I GUESS NOT, HUH?
Y'GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS HERE.
GO ON THEN.
DO IT.
YOU WANT A GOOD DEATH?
WHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRR*
I CAN GIVE THIS TO YOU.
THNNK
...HE... HAS A GUN....
COWARD. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD NOT WANT FAIR FIGHT.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING...
BLAM BLAM
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING...
BLAM BLAM
YOU...
...YOU KILLED DOCTOR.
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING...
BLAM BLAM
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT.
YOU...
...YOU KILLED DOCTOR.
YEAH, YOU CAUGHT THAT, HUH?
TWO ON ONE. THAT SOUND *FAIR* TO YOU?
YOU WANT A FAIR FIGHT, BIG MAN?
NOW YOU GOT ONE.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING...
BLAM BLAM
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YOU WANT A FAIR FIGHT, BIG MAN?
NOW YOU GOT ONE.
YOU...

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BLAM BLAM
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT.
YOU...
...YOU KILLED DOCTOR.
YEAH, YOU CAUGHT THAT, HUH?
TWO ON ONE. THAT SOUND *FAIR* TO YOU?
YOU WANT A FAIR FIGHT, BIG MAN?
NOW YOU GOT ONE.
YOU...
...KILLED...

...DOCTOR!

LOCKED AND LOADED. YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?
WELL... I GOT BULLETS IN MY GUN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
BUT NO, ROSS. I DON'T GOT EVERYTHING I NEED.

LOCKED AND LOADED. YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?
WELL... I GOT BULLETS IN MY GUN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
BUT NO, ROSS. I DON'T GOT EVERYTHING I NEED.
AW, MAN. NOT THIS AGAIN, GREG.
THE BOSS GOING CRAZY? TRYING TO LIVE FOREVER? IT JUST...
HOW MUCH TIME DO WE REALLY HAVE LEFT?
GREG. I KNOW YOU'RE DEALING WITH A LOT OF STUFF RIGHT NOW, BUT WE GOT MEN TO KILL HERE.
WHY? FOR MONEY? ROSS, WHEN HAS MONEY EVER MADE YOU HAPPY?

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WHY? FOR MONEY? ROSS, WHEN HAS MONEY EVER MADE YOU HAPPY?
AW, MAN.
WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE RIGHT NOW TO GO BACK AND DO IT ALL OVER?
DO IT RIGHT THIS TIME. FOLLOW OUR DREAM.

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WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE RIGHT NOW TO GO BACK AND DO IT ALL OVER?
DO IT RIGHT THIS TIME. FOLLOW OUR DREAM.
AW, MAN.
THINK ABOUT IT. THAT OLD SAFEHOUSE IN NEWARK? WE CLEAR THOSE GRENADE CRATES OUT...
IT'D MAKE A HELL OF AN ORPHANAGE, WOULDN'T IT?
GREG... ARE WE DOING THIS?
LET'S DO THIS.

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GREG... ARE WE DOING THIS?
LET'S DO THIS.
WE ARE GOING TO HAVE AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF FREE KIDS TO...

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IT'D MAKE A HELL OF AN ORPHANAGE, WOULDN'T IT?
GREG... ARE WE DOING THIS?
LET'S DO THIS.
WE ARE GOING TO HAVE AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF FREE KIDS TO...
ROSS, WHY ARE YOU COVERED IN GASOLINE?

LOCKED AND LOADED. YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?

WELL... I GOT BULLETS IN MY GUN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.

BUT NO, ROSS. I *DON'T* GOT EVERYTHING I NEED.

AW, MAN. NOT *THIS* AGAIN, GREG.

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WHY? FOR *MONEY*? ROSS, WHEN HAS MONEY EVER MADE YOU *HAPPY*?

AW, MAN.

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE *RIGHT NOW* TO GO BACK AND DO IT ALL OVER?

DO IT *RIGHT* THIS TIME. FOLLOW OUR *DREAM*.

CLICK

WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WE'RE GETTIN' FRICKIN' SWARMED HERE!
BLAM
CHOOM
I DON'T KNOW! DID SPY JUST LEAVE?

YEAH, LEAVIN'S ABOUT ALL HE'S GOOD FOR, TRUST ME.
AND WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO PYRO? HE—

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YEAH, LEAVIN'S ABOUT ALL HE'S GOOD FOR, TRUST ME.
AND WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO PYRO? HE—
OH, THERE HE IS.

HEY, THERE'S SOLDIER 'N' ZHANNA!
AND THEY'RE...
...THEY'RE...

WHERE *IS* EVERYBODY? WE'RE GETTIN' FRICKIN' *SWARMED* HERE!

CHOOM

BLAM

I DON'T *KNOW!* DID SPY JUST *LEAVE*?

YEAH, LEAVIN'S ABOUT *ALL* HE'S GOOD FOR, TRUST ME.

AND WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO PYRO? HE—

BOOOOOOM

OH, THERE HE IS.

HEY, THERE'S SOLDIER 'N' ZHANNA!

AND THEY'RE...

...THEY'RE...

SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? I'VE DONE THIS A MILLION TIMES!*
THE WIND ON YOUR SKIN! THE LOOKS OF TERROR ON YOUR ENEMY'S AND TEAMMATE'S FACES!
BATOOM
*SEE FULL FRONTAL BRAVERY #1-1000000, ALL-NUDE TALES OF VALOR #1-145, NAKED SOLDIER AND CLOTHED SCOUT ADVENTURES #1
AT FIRST I AM AGREEING WITH EVERYONE THAT THIS IS TACTICALLY AND MORALLY AND SANITARILY WRONG!
BUT NOW I SEE! I HAVE NEVER FELT SO FREE!

YOU SAID IT, SON! THERE ARE NO BARRIERS BETWEEN US AND THE NAKED CARNAGE WE ARE COMMITTING!
YES! THE NUDITY! THE VIOLENCE!
I LOVE YOU, AND I LOVE AMERICA!

THEN SHOW THESE BOLT@#$%ERS HOW MUCH YOU LOVE IT, SISTER!
SLASH
RRRRAGGH!

YOU SAID IT, SON! THERE ARE NO BARRIERS BETWEEN US AND THE NAKED CARNAGE WE ARE COMMITTING!
YES! THE NUDITY! THE VIOLENCE!
I LOVE YOU, AND I LOVE AMERICA!

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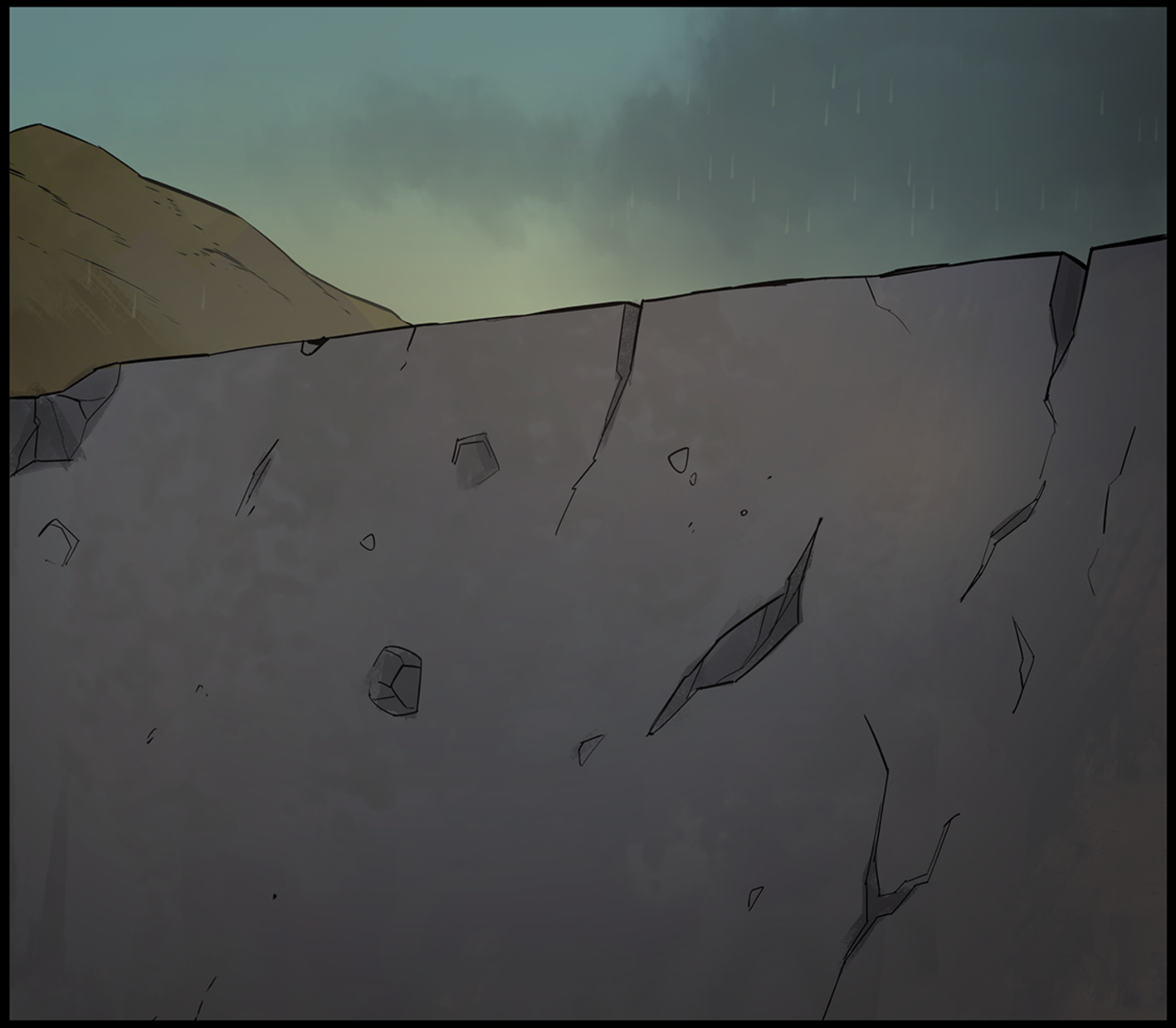
SLASH
RRRRAGGH!
WHY, UH... WHY DON'T WE GO FIGHT SOMEWHERE LESS... NAKED.
YOU GO AHEAD.
I'LL CATCH UP.

ADMIT IT, SAX—
YOU'RE GONNA MISS THIS.



WHAM

:KAFF KAFF:
ALRIGHT, LOOK! YOU MADE YOUR POINT!
WOULD YOU STOP FOR A @#$%ING SECOND AND LISTEN?
:KAFF:
I'VE GOT AN IMMORTALITY MACHINE.
YOU GET WHAT I'M SAYING HERE? WE COULD BOTH LIVE FOR—

:KAFF KAFF:
ALRIGHT, LOOK! YOU MADE YOUR POINT!
WOULD YOU STOP FOR A @#$%ING SECOND AND LISTEN?
KA-WHAM

:KAFF KAFF:
ALRIGHT, LOOK! YOU MADE YOUR POINT!
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KA-WHAM

:KAFF KAFF:
ALRIGHT, LOOK! YOU MADE YOUR POINT!
WOULD YOU STOP FOR A @#$%ING SECOND AND LISTEN?
KA-WHAM
KRNNCH

YOU KILLED MY FRIEND.
NNF
NNF
NNF
I DO NOT NEED TO LIVE FOREVER.
KICK

YOU KILLED MY FRIEND.
NNF
NNF

NNF

I DO NOT NEED TO LIVE FOREVER.
KICK

JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SIT HERE...
...AND WATCH YOU DIE.

NNGH!

NNGH!

YOU MIGHT NOT WANNA SIT DOWN JUST YET, BIG GUY...

HNN

...GETTIN' THIS THING WORKIN'...

HNN

...WAS A LOT LESS COMPLICATED THAN I THOUGHT.

I WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...
YES, I WAS WONDERING THE SAME THING.

I WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...
YES, I WAS WONDERING THE SAME THING.
EXCEPT ABOUT YOUR *PANTS*.
AND WHEN YOU'LL BE PUTTING SOME *ON*.

I WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...
YES, I WAS WONDERING THE SAME THING.
EXCEPT ABOUT YOUR *PANTS*.
AND WHEN YOU'LL BE PUTTING SOME *ON*.
IT'S NOTHIN' BUT ROBOTS AND RUBBLE HERE, MATE. WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SNEAKIN' THROUGH A PANTS STORE...
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU COULDN'T HAVE STOLEN PANTS OFF THE DEAD MAN.
Y'DO *KNOW* WHAT PEOPLE DO IN THEIR PANTS WHEN THEY DIE, RIGHT?
YES. I AM AWARE.
IT WOULD STILL BE PREFERABLE.

I WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...
YES, I WAS WONDERING THE SAME THING.
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Y'DO *KNOW* WHAT PEOPLE DO IN THEIR PANTS WHEN THEY DIE, RIGHT?
YES. I AM AWARE.
IT WOULD STILL BE PREFERABLE.

'ERE, I'VE AN IDEA. GIVE US YOUR COAT.

I WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...
YES, I WAS WONDERING THE SAME THING.
EXCEPT ABOUT YOUR *PANTS*.
AND WHEN YOU'LL BE PUTTING SOME *ON*.
IT'S NOTHIN' BUT ROBOTS AND RUBBLE HERE, MATE. WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SNEAKIN' THROUGH A PANTS STORE...
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IT WOULD STILL BE PREFERABLE.

I SAID GIVE US Y–

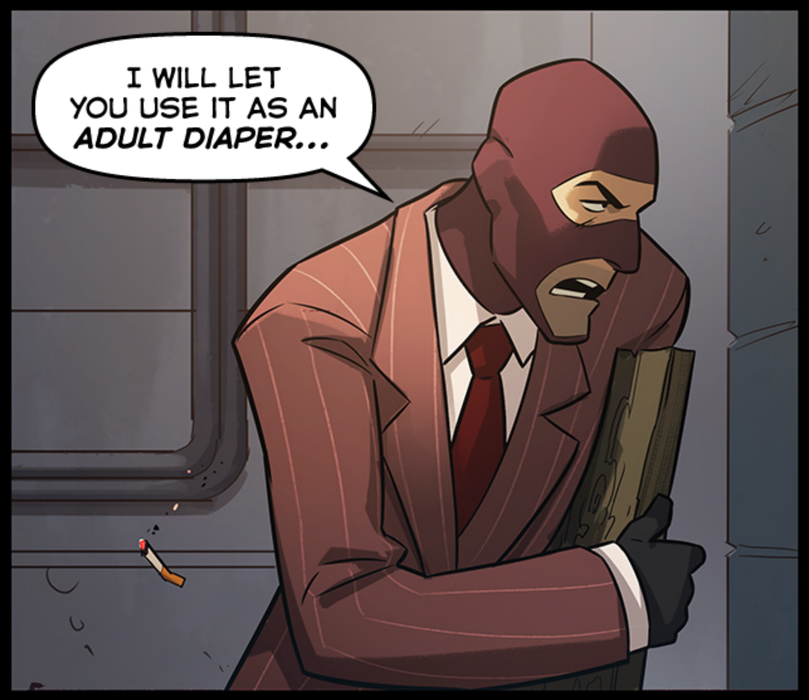
I HEARD...

...*EXACTLY*...

...WHAT YOU SAID.

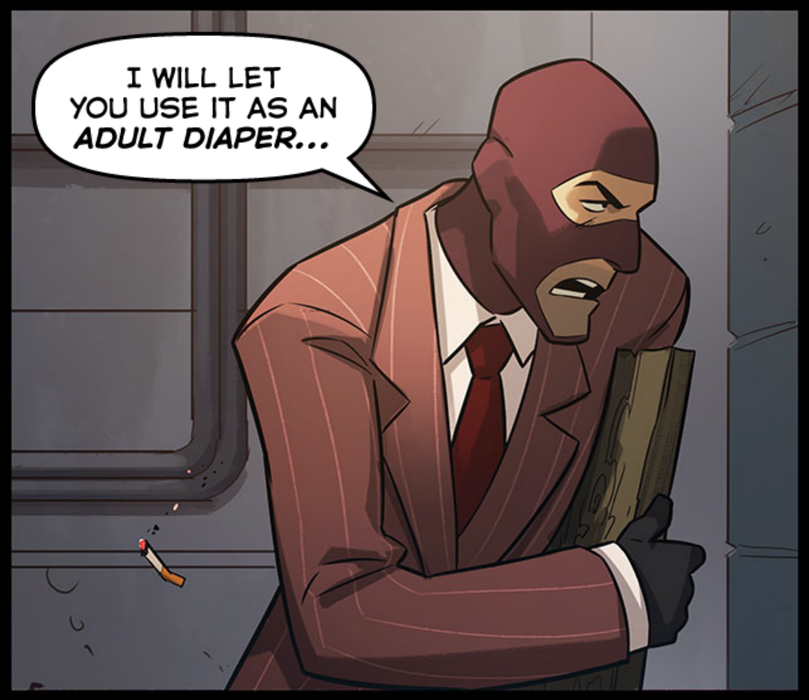
BUSHMAN, THIS IS A $10,000 CUSTOM-TAILORED *LOUIS CRABBEMARCHÉ* JACKET.

THE CLOTH IS FROM SILKWORMS RAISED AT A SUIT MICROFARM IN TUSCANY, FROM A SECRET PATTERN PASSED DOWN BY MONK TAILORS SINCE THE SEVENTH CENTURY.


I WILL LET YOU USE IT AS AN *ADULT DIAPER...*

WHEN YOU PRY IT OFF OF MY COLD, DEAD....

...BODY.



OH, HEY GUYS.

SEE ALL THESE ROBOTS? THAT'S ME. I DID THAT.

LAST ONE GOT A COUPLE LUCKY SWINGS IN, THOUGH.

HOW'M I LOOKIN'? DOES IT LOOK BAD?

IT LOOKS GOOD, RIGHT? YEAH, I'LL PROBABLY BE OKAY.

MAN, AM I TIRED, BY THE WAY.

MATE.
SIGH
YES. I KNOW.
GIVE US A MOMENT.

MATE.
SIGH
YES. I KNOW.
GIVE US A MOMENT.

SCOUT.
THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU.
YEAH? OKEY DOKE.
MAKE IT QUICK THOUGH. I AM REAL TIRED FOR SOME REASON.

I...

MATE.
SIGH
YES. I KNOW.
GIVE US A MOMENT.

SCOUT.
THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU.
YEAH? OKEY DOKE.
MAKE IT QUICK THOUGH. I AM REAL TIRED FOR SOME REASON.

I...

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
OKAY.

OH HEY, A BRIGHT LIGHT.
THAT'S SOMETHIN' I COULD WALK TOWARD...

MATE.
SIGH
YES. I KNOW.
GIVE US A MOMENT.

SCOUT.
THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU.
YEAH? OKEY DOKE.
MAKE IT QUICK THOUGH. I AM REAL TIRED FOR SOME REASON.

I...

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
OKAY.

OH HEY, A BRIGHT LIGHT.
THAT'S SOMETHIN' I COULD WALK TOWARD...

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?
OH MY GOD.

I KNEW YOU'D COME, TOM JONES.

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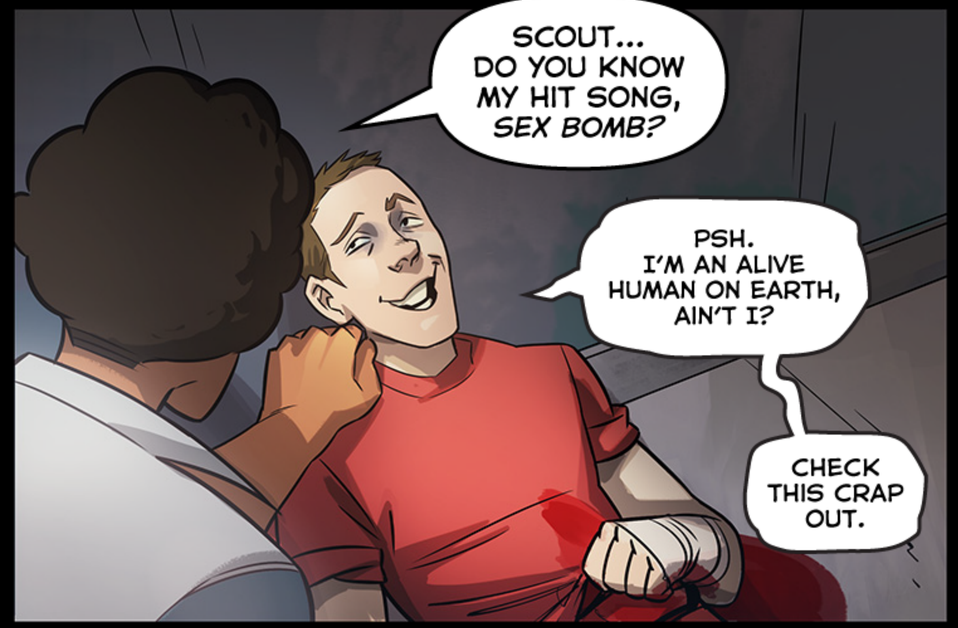
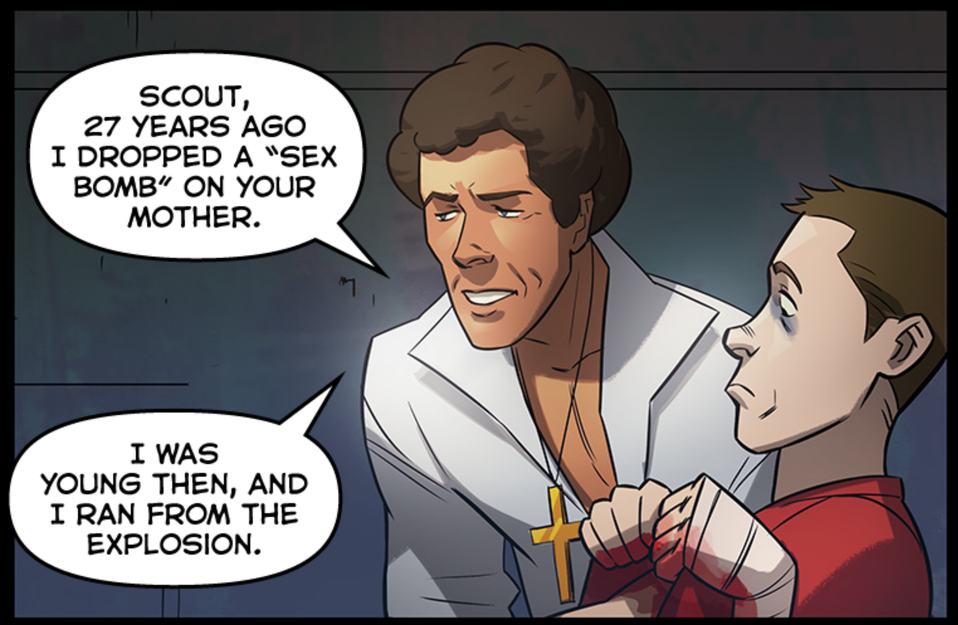

SCOUT... DO YOU KNOW MY HIT SONG, SEX BOMB?
PSH. I'M AN ALIVE HUMAN ON EARTH, AIN'T I?
CHECK THIS CRAP OUT.

IT'S A SEX BOMB TATTOO.
YEAH, IT IS.
SEX BOM
SPELLED INCORRECTLY.
YEAH, IT IS. WAIT, IS IT?


SCOUT, 27 YEARS AGO I DROPPED A "SEX BOMB" ON YOUR MOTHER.
I WAS YOUNG THEN, AND I RAN FROM THE EXPLOSION.

I KNEW YOU'D COME, TOM JONES.

SCOUT... DO YOU KNOW MY HIT SONG, SEX BOMB?
PSH. I'M AN ALIVE HUMAN ON EARTH, AIN'T I?
CHECK THIS CRAP OUT.

IT'S A SEX BOMB TATTOO.
YEAH, IT IS.
SEX BOM
SPELLED INCORRECTLY.
YEAH, IT IS. WAIT, IS IT?

SCOUT, 27 YEARS AGO I DROPPED A "SEX BOMB" ON YOUR MOTHER.
I WAS YOUNG THEN, AND I RAN FROM THE EXPLOSION.

BUT NOW THE FALLOUT OF THAT SEX BOMB HAS CAUGHT UP WITH ME.
THIS IS WHERE THE ANALOGY STARTS TO BREAK DOWN, SO IF IT'S ALRIGHT WITH YOU I'LL RETIRE THE SEX BOMB METAPHOR NOW.
YEAH, SURE.
THANK YOU.

YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, JEREMY.

YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, JEREMY.

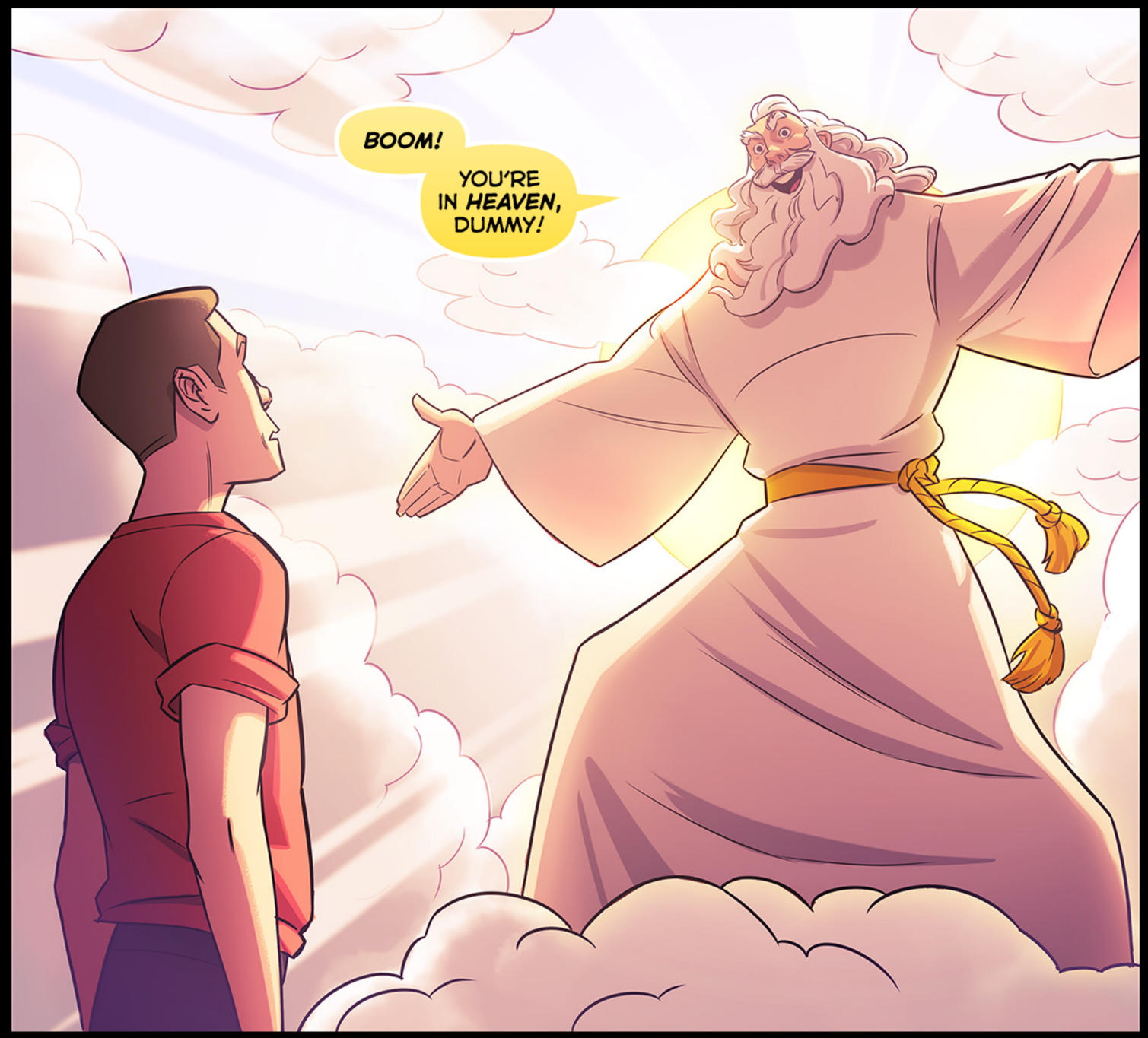
I'M *PROUD* OF YOU.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF YOU.
SON.

YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, JEREMY.
I'M *PROUD* OF YOU.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF YOU.
SON.
FRICKIN'...

YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, JEREMY.
I'M *PROUD* OF YOU.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF YOU.
SON.
FRICKIN'...
AWESOME.

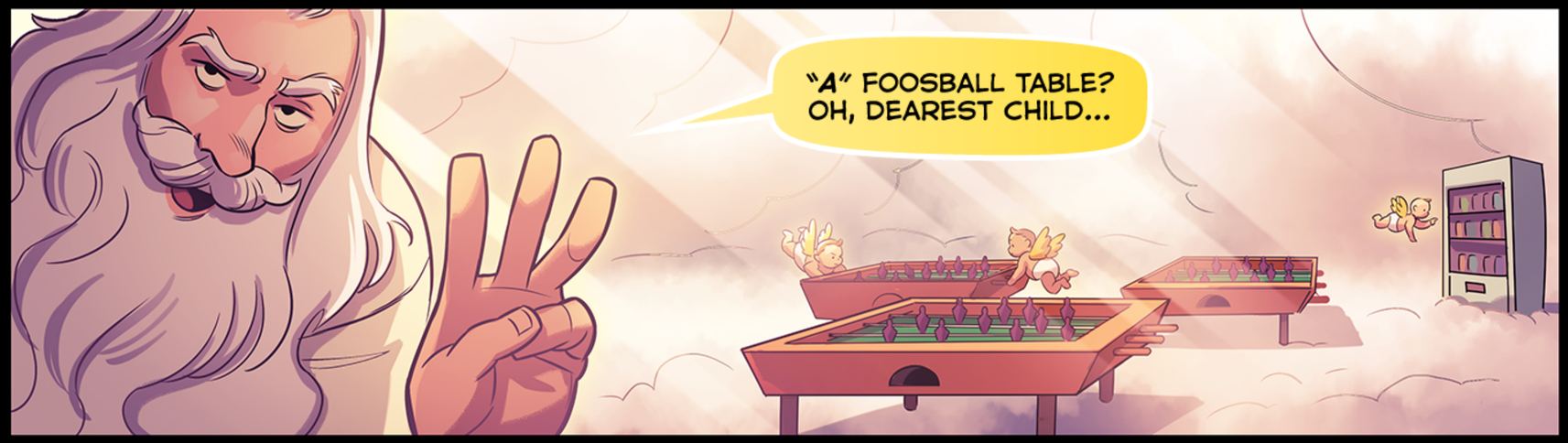
WHOA!

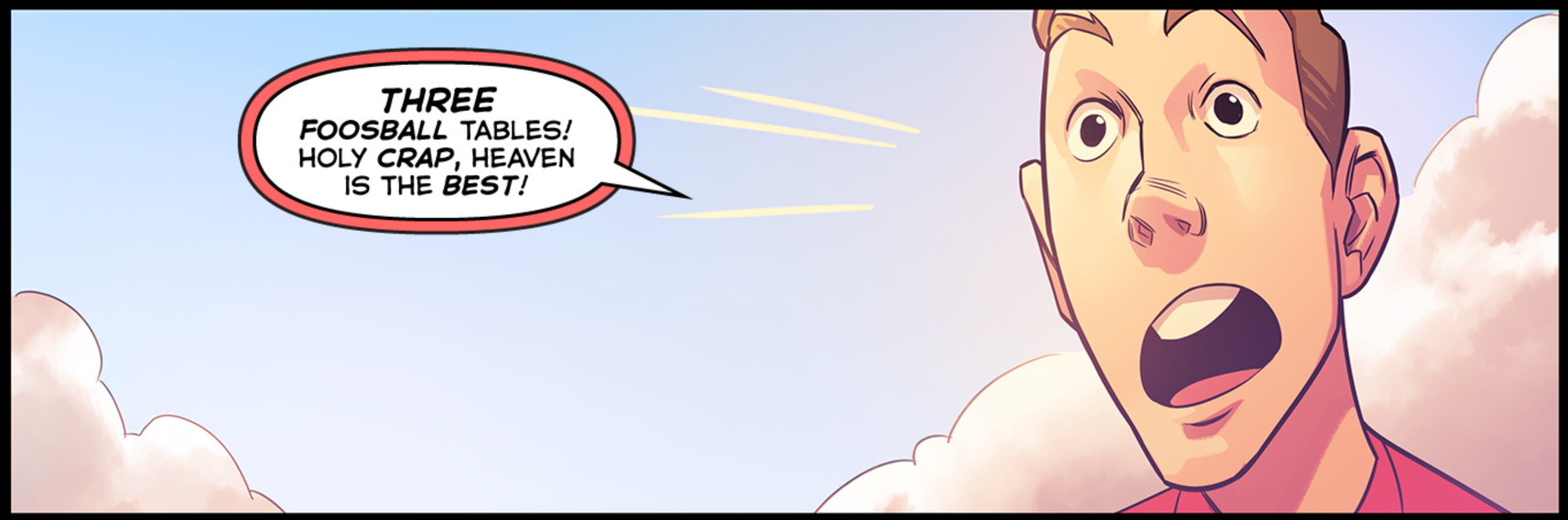
WHOA!
WHERE AM I?


BOOM!
YOU'RE IN HEAVEN, DUMMY!

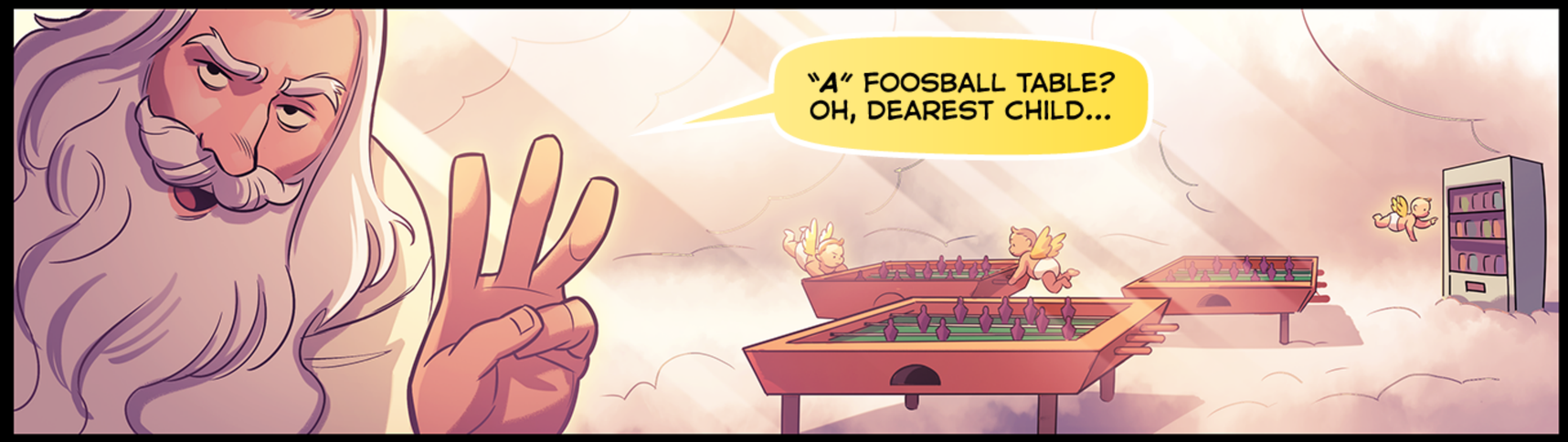
THANK GOD YOU'RE DEAD! NOW WE CAN FINALLY HANG OUT!
YOU LIKE FOOSBALL?
HOLY CRAP, YOU GUYS GOT A FOOSBALL TABLE UP HERE?

THANK GOD YOU'RE DEAD! NOW WE CAN FINALLY HANG OUT!
YOU LIKE FOOSBALL?
HOLY CRAP, YOU GUYS GOT A *FOOSBALL* TABLE UP HERE?


"*A*" FOOSBALL TABLE? OH, DEAREST CHILD...


THREE *FOOSBALL* TABLES! HOLY *CRAP*, HEAVEN IS THE *BEST!*

THANK GOD YOU'RE DEAD! NOW WE CAN FINALLY HANG OUT!
YOU LIKE FOOSBALL?
HOLY CRAP, YOU GUYS GOT A *FOOSBALL* TABLE UP HERE?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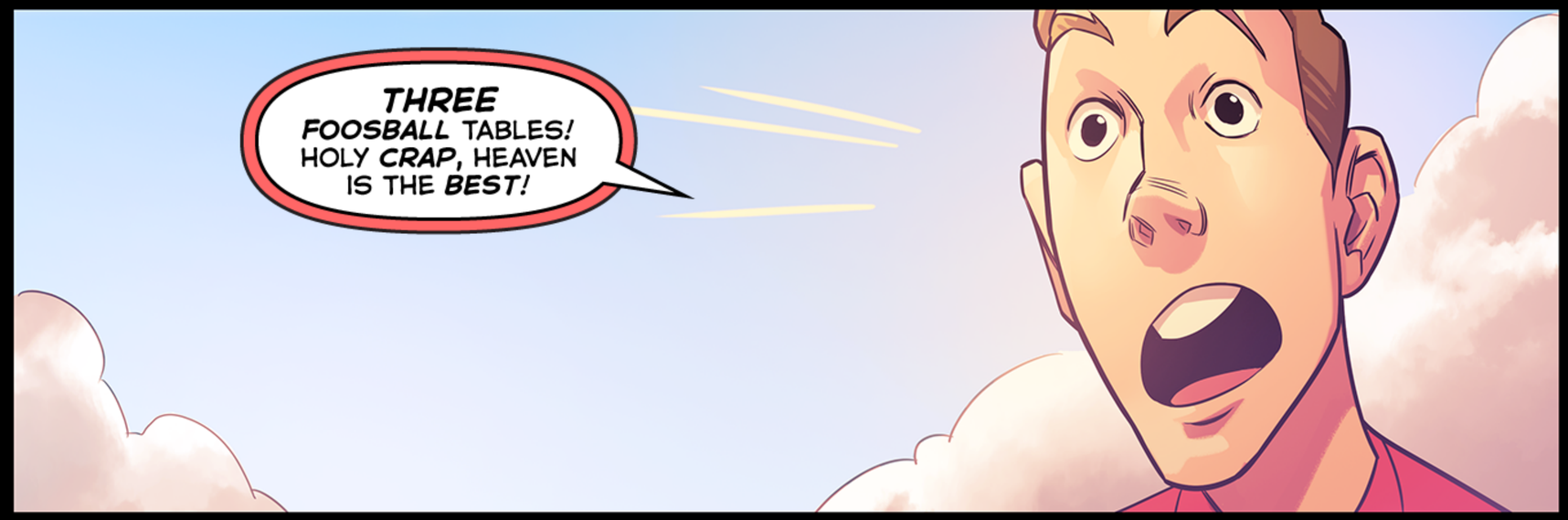
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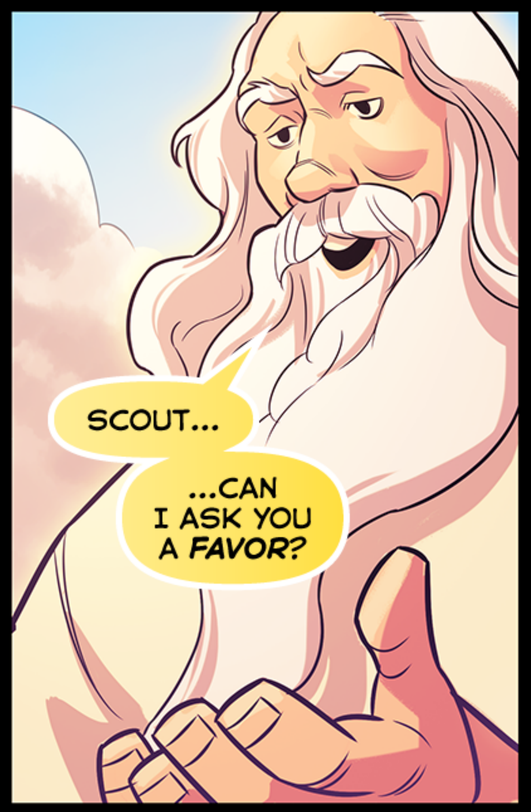

SCOUT...
...CAN I ASK YOU A *FAVOR*?

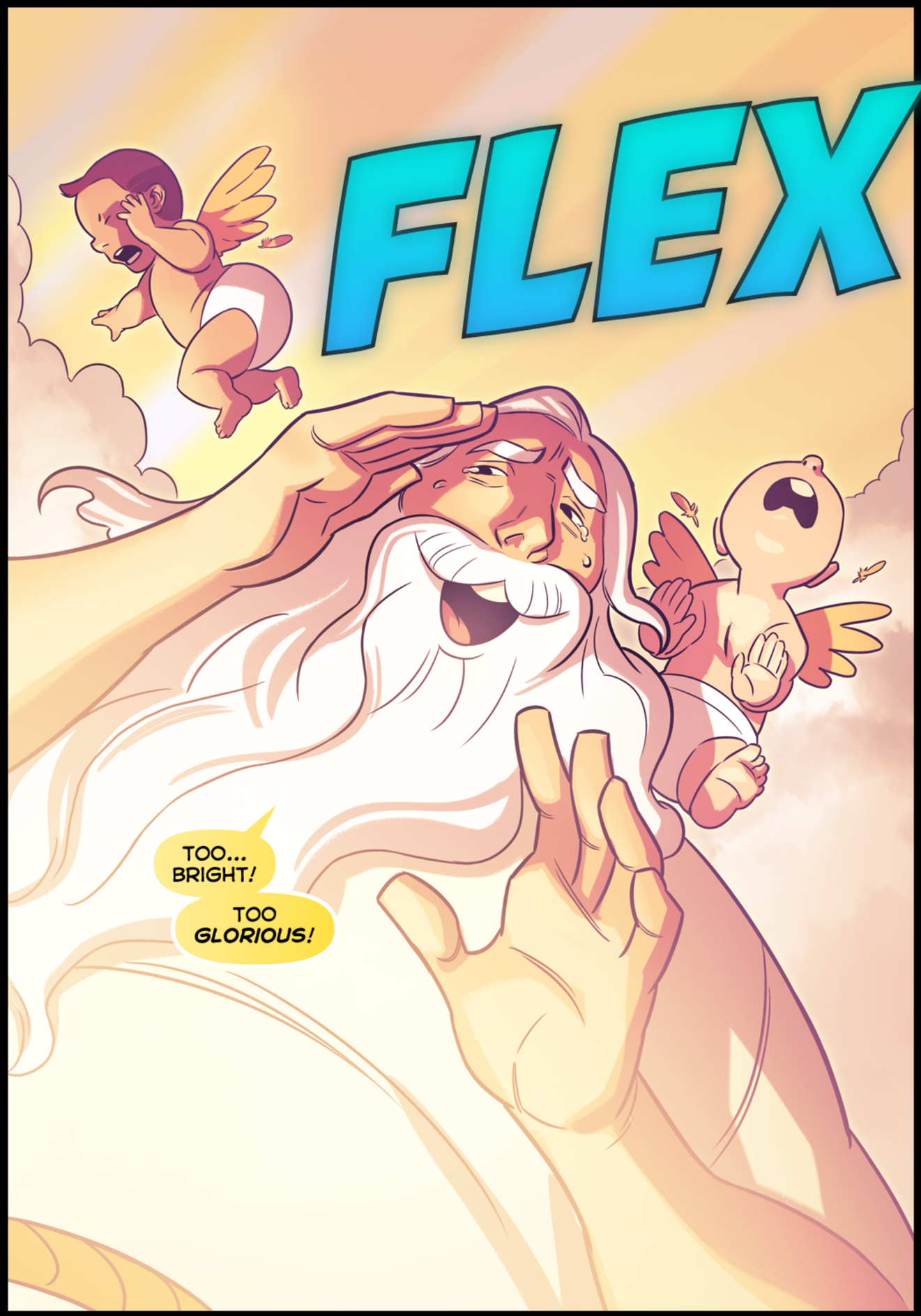
FOR YOU, GOD? NAME IT.

CAN YOU...

...FLEX FOR ME? JUST ONCE?

OKAY... OKAY... GOTTA FOCUS... YOU'RE FLEXIN' FOR GOD HERE...
THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FLEX YOU'LL EVER DO PROBABLY.
HERE WE GO.
LET THERE BE...

OKAY... OKAY... GOTTA FOCUS... YOU'RE FLEXIN' FOR GOD HERE...
THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FLEX YOU'LL EVER DO PROBABLY.
HERE WE GO.
LET THERE BE...


FLEX
TOO... BRIGHT!
TOO GLORIOUS!

SO... MAN TO MAN...
THE LADIES BACK ON EARTH. THEY'VE ALL *LAIN* WITH YOU, RIGHT?
WHAT? *NO!*
WHY, WERE THEY SUPPOSED TO?

WHAT? @#$%ING... *YES!*
YOU WERE MY *GIFT* TO THEM!
GEEZ, THAT'S WHAT *I'VE* BEEN SAYIN'!

OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL...
OOO, THAT *DOES* IT. I AM GONNA SEND A... *PLAGUE*, OR A *FLOOD* OR...
OH, WHY EVEN BE CLEVER? I'M JUST GOING TO BLOW UP THE EARTH.
AW, COME ON, GOD. DON'T DESTROY HUMANITY.
THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE AT HEART. JUST A BUNCHA DUM-DUMS TRYIN' THEIR BEST.

SIGH FINE.
I'LL SEND YOU BACK. BUT I *SWEAR*, THIS IS THEIR *LAST CHANCE* TO ALL HAVE SEX WITH YOU.
WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET GOING.
...OH. AND SCOUT?
YEAH, GOD?

SO... MAN TO MAN...
THE LADIES BACK ON EARTH. THEY'VE ALL *LAIN* WITH YOU, RIGHT?
WHAT? *NO!*
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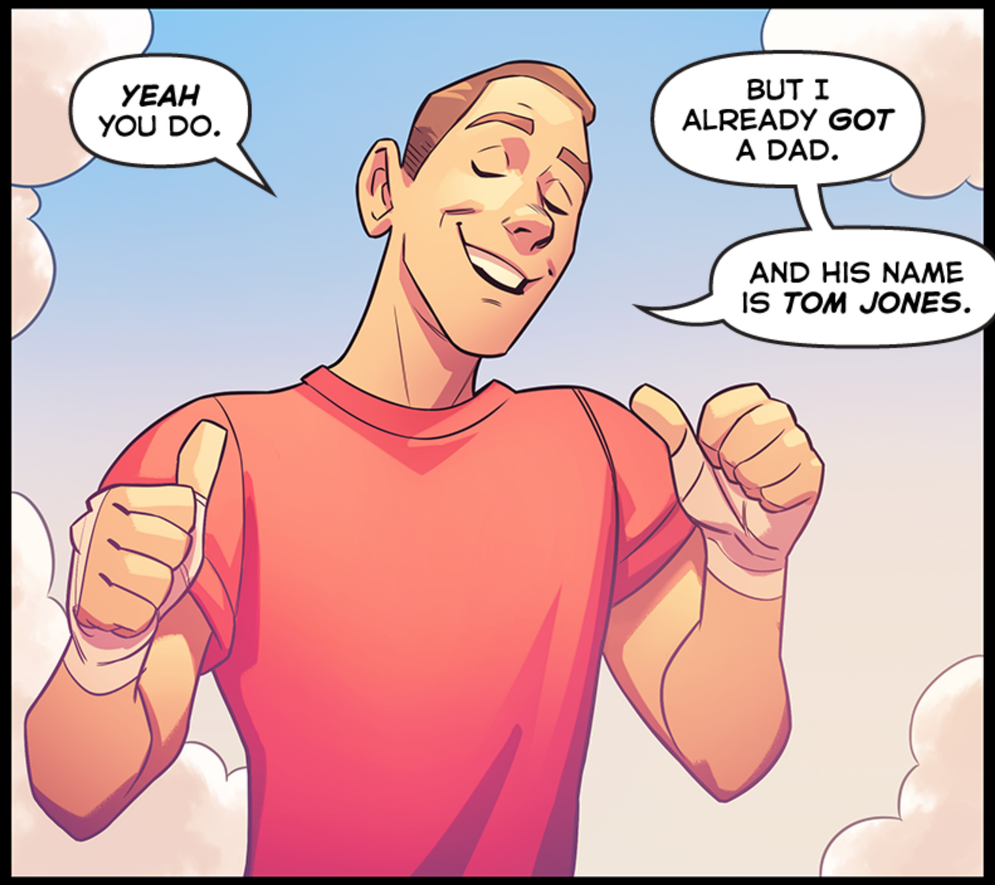
AW, COME ON, GOD. DON'T DESTROY HUMANITY.
THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE AT HEART. JUST A BUNCHA DUM-DUMS TRYIN' THEIR BEST.

I WISH YOU WERE MY SON.


YEAH YOU DO.
BUT I ALREADY GOT A DAD.
AND HIS NAME IS TOM JONES.

TOM JONES? BUT YOUR FATHER ISN'T–

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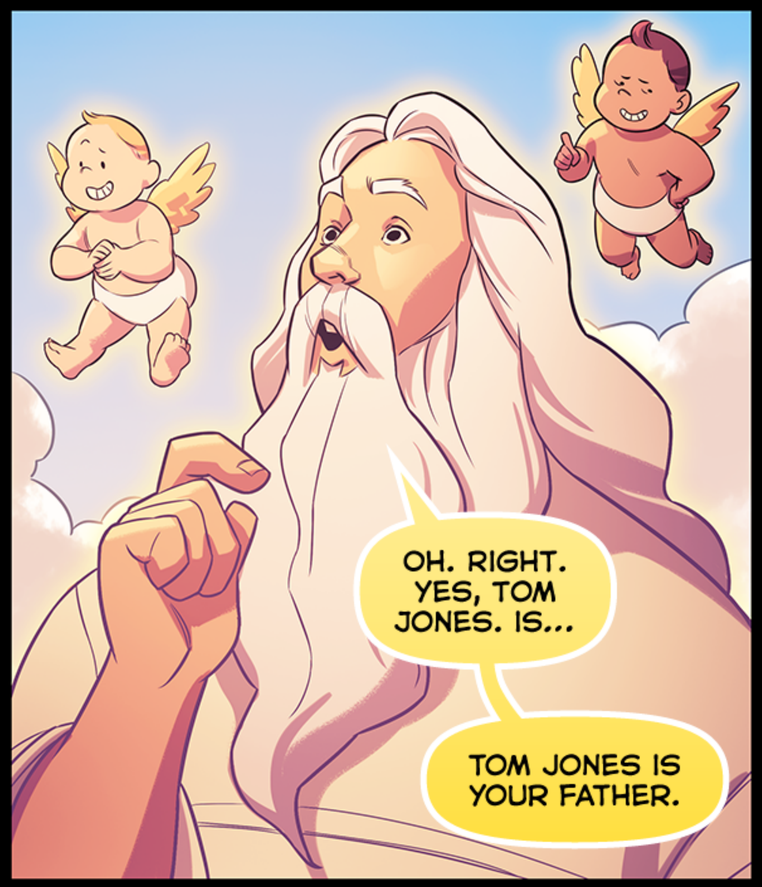
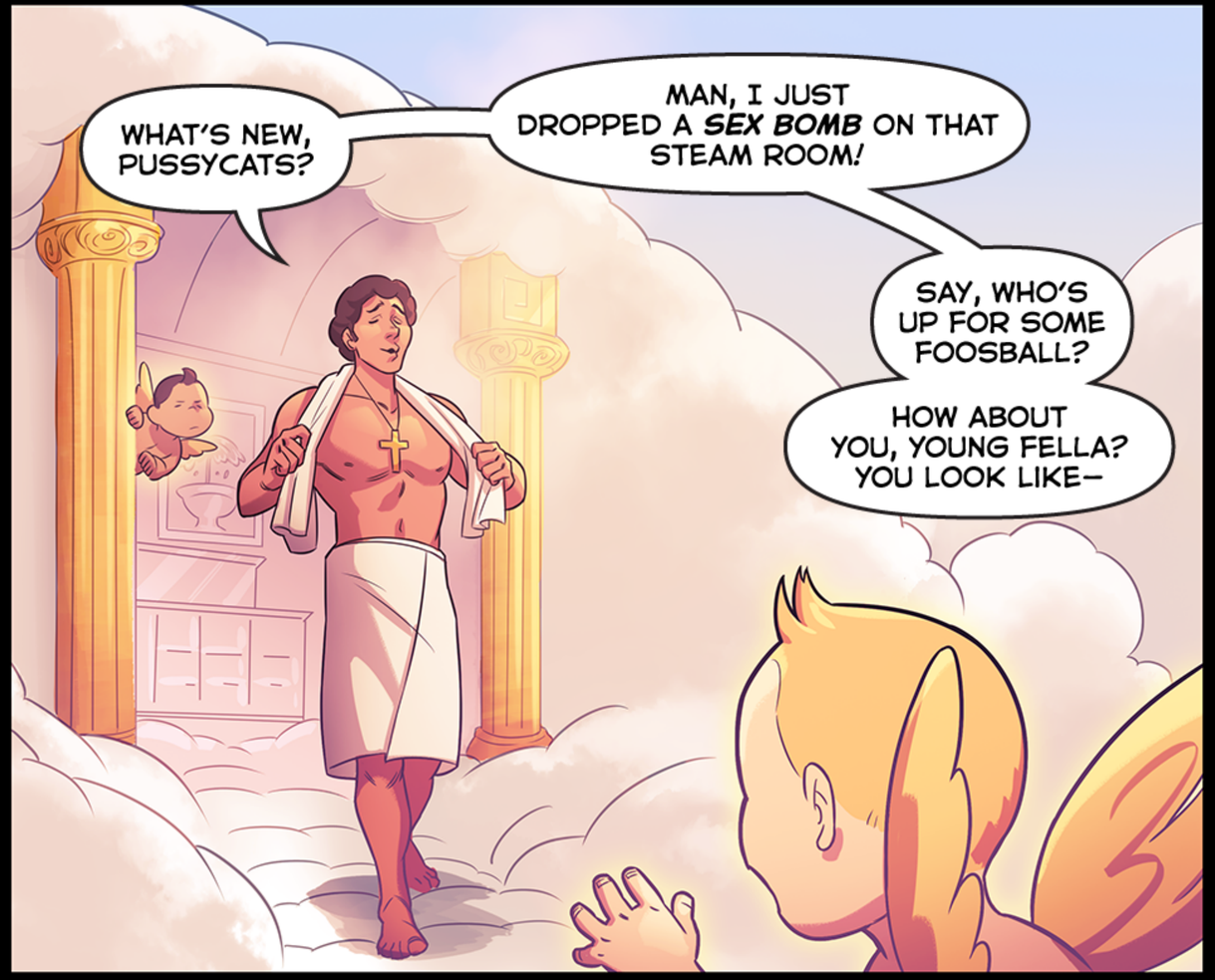
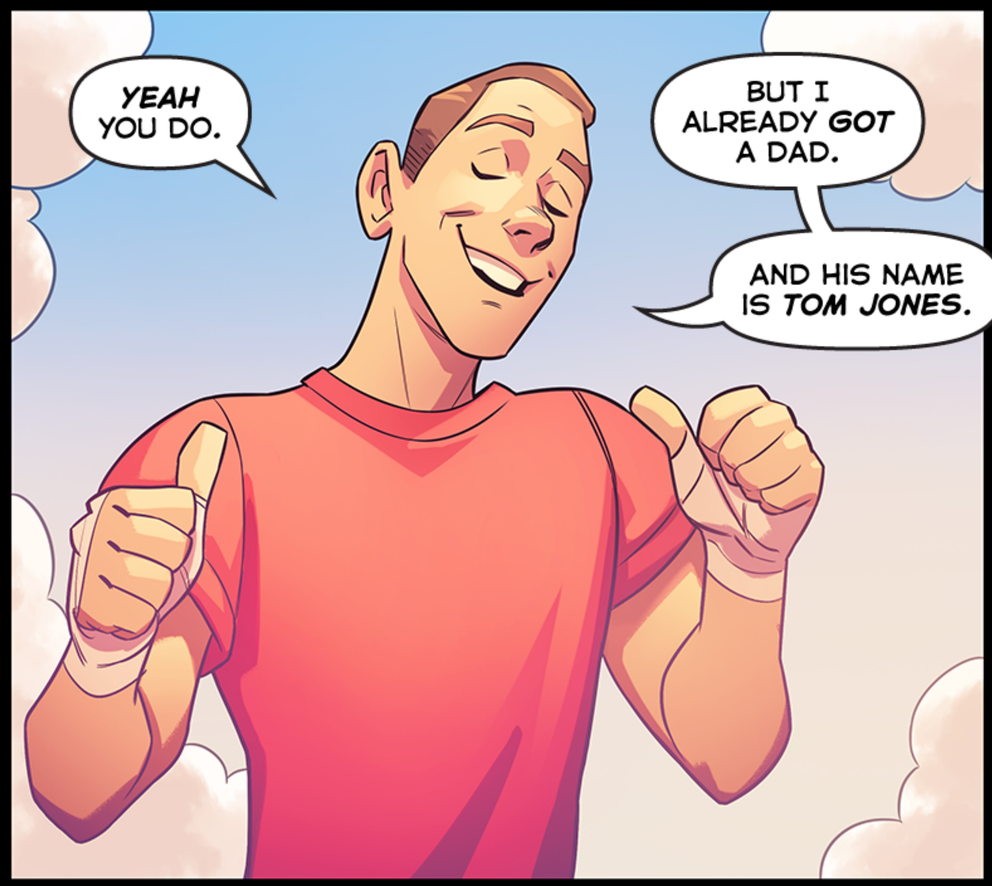

OH. RIGHT. YES, TOM JONES. IS...
TOM JONES IS YOUR FATHER.


WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCATS?
MAN, I JUST DROPPED A SEX BOMB ON THAT STEAM ROOM!
SAY, WHO'S UP FOR SOME FOOSBALL?
HOW ABOUT YOU, YOUNG FELLA? YOU LOOK LIKE–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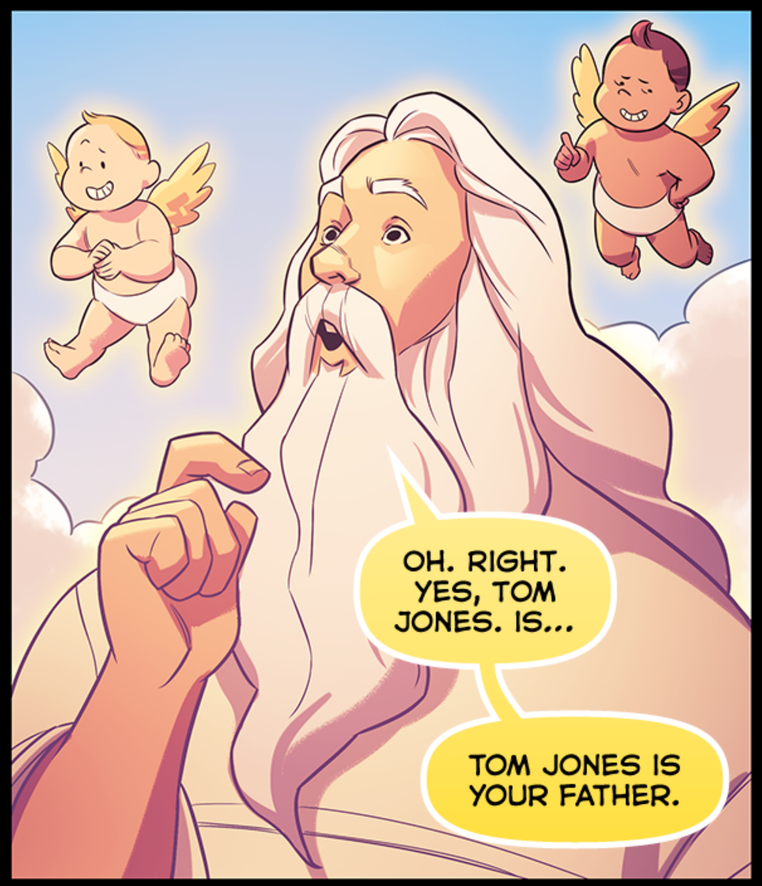
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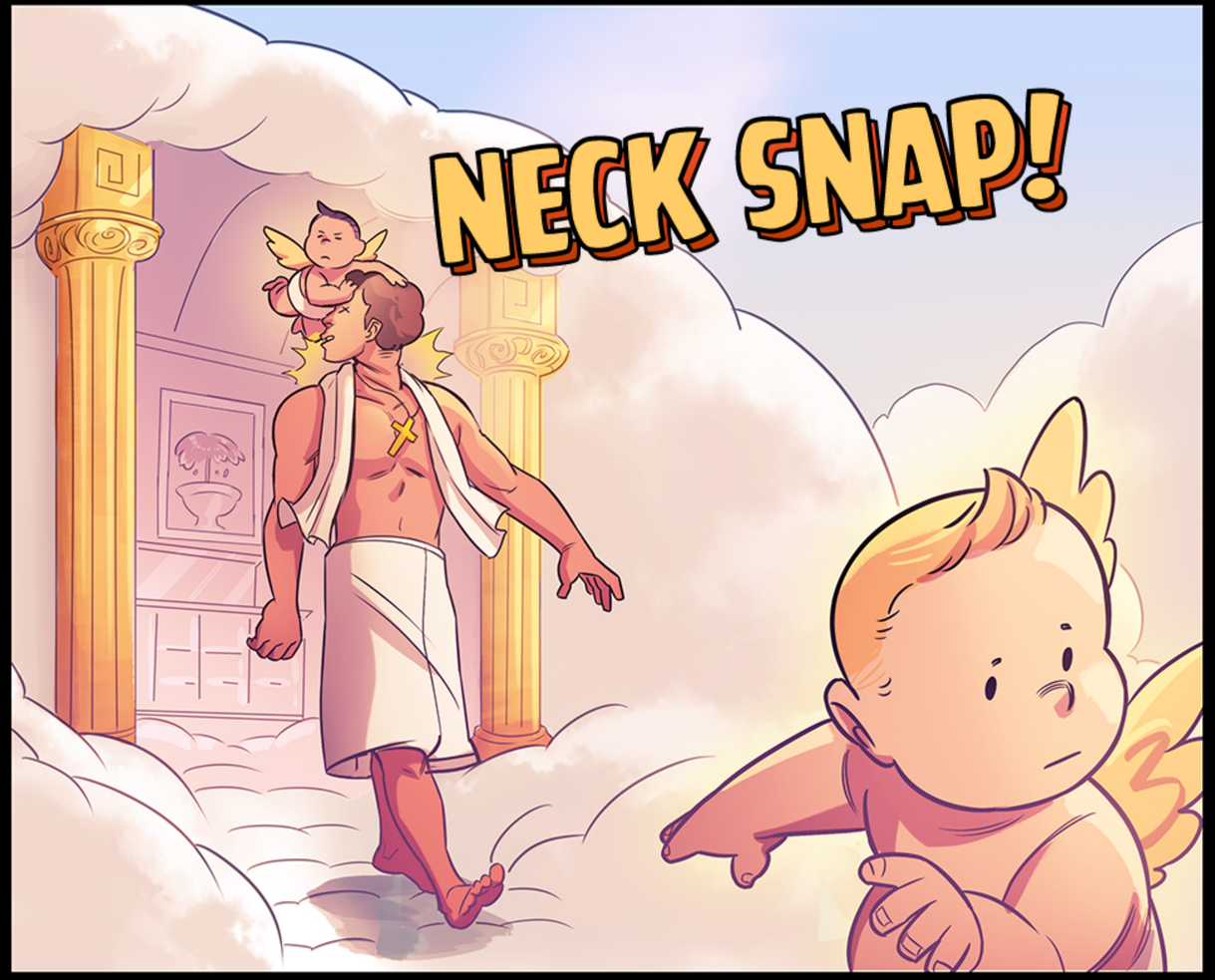
NECK SNAP!

WHAT WAS THAT CRACKIN' NOISE?
WE'RE MAKING POPCORN YOU NEED TO GO

SEE YOU DECEMBER 4TH, 1987!
IT'S A DATE! LATER, GUYS!

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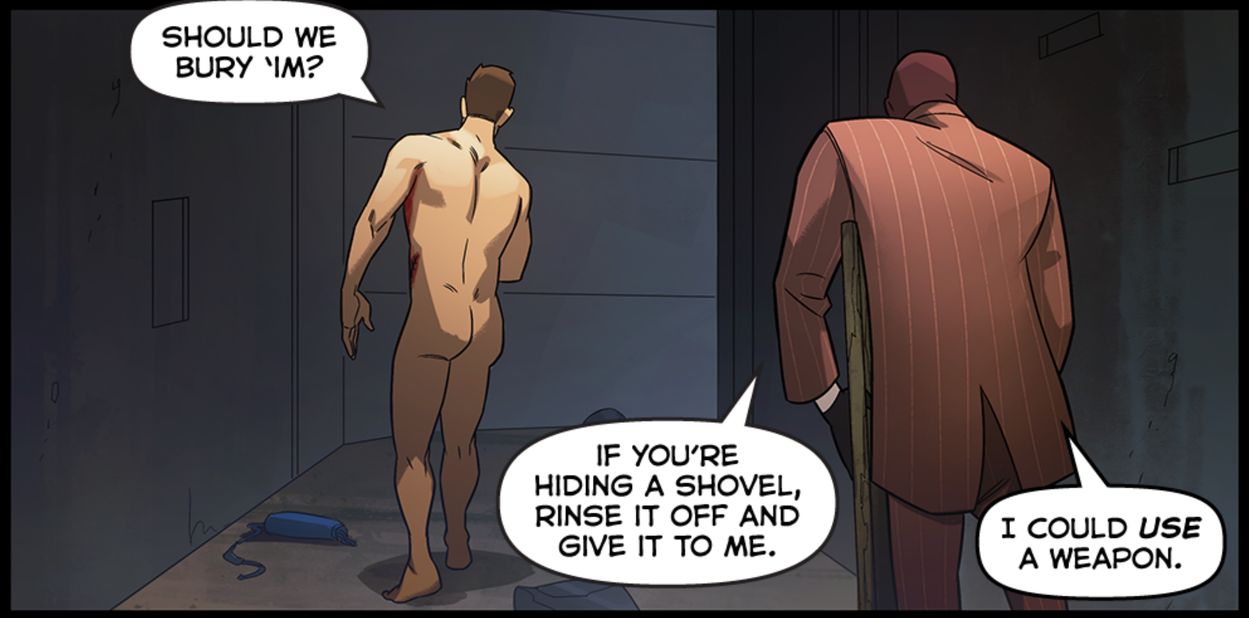
SHOULD WE BURY 'IM?
IF YOU'RE HIDING A SHOVEL, RINSE IT OFF AND GIVE IT TO ME.
I COULD *USE* A WEAPON.

SEE YOU DECEMBER 4TH, 1987!

IT'S A DATE! LATER, GUYS!

SHOULD WE BURY 'IM?

IF YOU'RE HIDING A SHOVEL, RINSE IT OFF AND GIVE IT TO ME.

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:COUGH:

SEE YOU DECEMBER 4TH, 1987!
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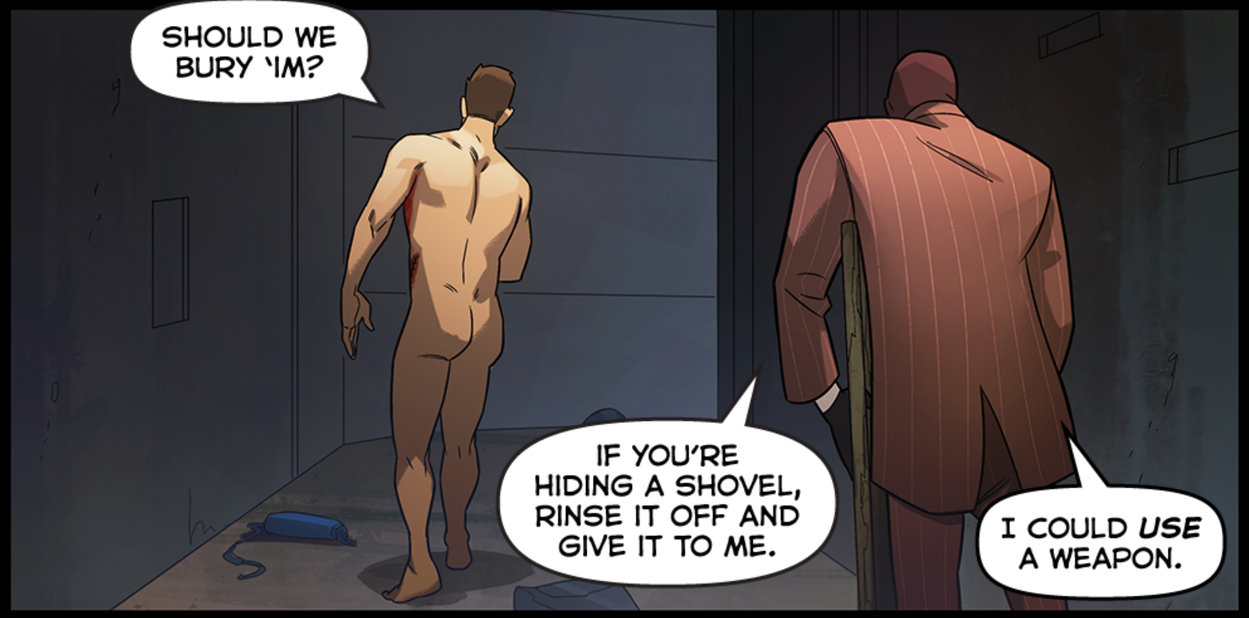
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I COULD *USE* A WEAPON.

COUGH

WELL, I'LL BE...
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE @#$%ING KIDDING ME.

THERE'S ANOTHER WAVE COMING!
LUBE ME UP, SWEETIE! I AM GOING OUT IN A BLAZE OF HONEY!
BOTTLE IS EMPTY.

WHAT? WE CANNOT FIGHT UNLUBRICATED! THEN WE WOULD JUST BE NAKED.
WHAT ELSE WE GOT?
OH! HERE ARE DRUMS OF GASOLINE!
ZHANNA, YOU ARE A GENIUS! NOW YOU CAN LIGHT ME ON FIRE!
YES! I WILL LIGHT US BOTH ON FIRE!
OH, YOU ARE GONNA LOVE IT!
OUR EYES WILL BE THE FIRST TO BOIL AWAY! THE EARS WILL BE THE NEXT THING TO GO.

THERE'S ANOTHER WAVE COMING!
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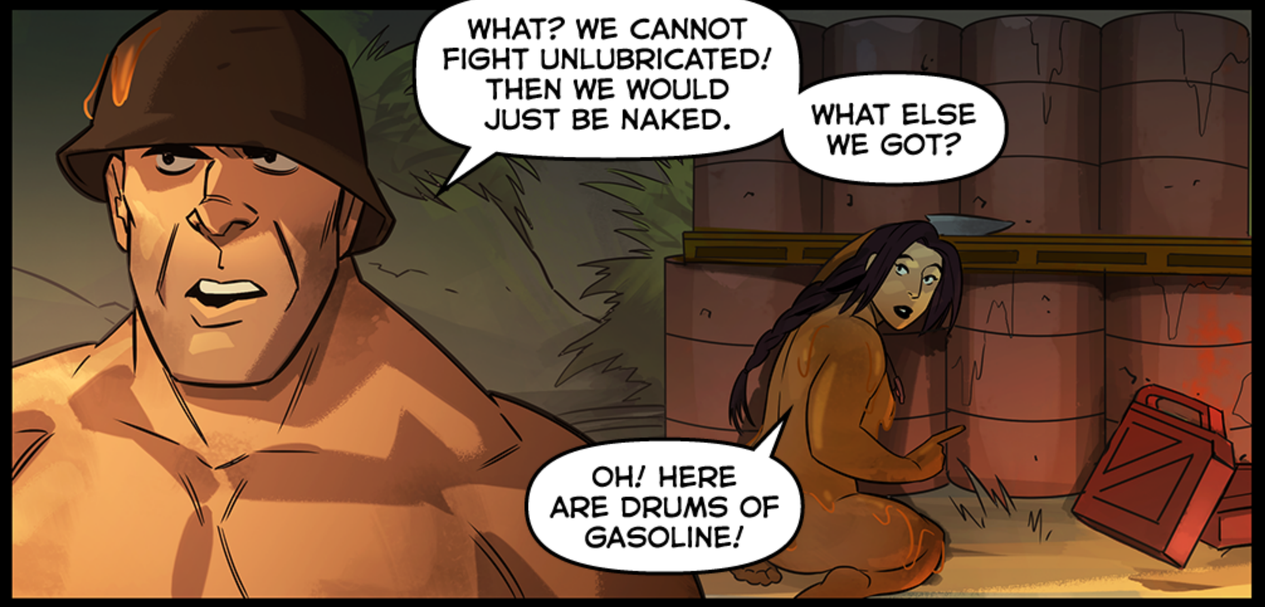
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OH, YOU ARE GONNA LOVE IT!
OUR EYES WILL BE THE FIRST TO BOIL AWAY! THE EARS WILL BE THE NEXT THING TO GO.
ON SECOND THOUGHT DO NOT LIGHT US ON FIRE.
RINGGGG

ZHANNA, LOOK! WE KILLED SO MANY ROBOTS MISS PAULING IS BURIED UNDER A PILE OF THEM!
I AM CONCERNED FOR HER! BUT ALSO PROUD OF US!
RINGGGGGGG
YES, SHE MADE WORTHY SACRIFICE. SHE WILL BE MISSED.
RIGHT, BUT... SHE IS CLEARLY STILL ALIVE.
UGH. YES, FINE.

LIFT
...PHONE PHONE PHONE PHONE...
RINGGGGGG

ZHANNA, LOOK! WE KILLED SO MANY ROBOTS MISS PAULING IS BURIED UNDER A PILE OF THEM!
I AM CONCERNED FOR HER! BUT ALSO PROUD OF US!
RINGGGGGGG
YES, SHE MADE WORTHY SACRIFICE. SHE WILL BE MISSED.
RIGHT, BUT... SHE IS CLEARLY STILL ALIVE.
UGH. YES, FINE.

DROP
OOF.
COME ON, COME ON...
RINGGGGGGG

ZHANNA, LOOK! WE KILLED SO MANY ROBOTS MISS PAULING IS BURIED UNDER A PILE OF THEM!
I AM CONCERNED FOR HER! BUT ALSO PROUD OF US!
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YES, SHE MADE WORTHY SACRIFICE. SHE WILL BE MISSED.
RIGHT, BUT... SHE IS CLEARLY STILL ALIVE.
UGH. YES, FINE.
DROP
OOF.
COME ON, COME ON...
RINGGGGGGG
RINGGG
ADMINISTRATOR! IT'S PAULING. I'M HERE.
H'LO, MISS PAULING.
ENGIE?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHERE ARE YOU?

WELL NOW, I CAN'T SAY *WHERE* I AM.
BUT I *AM* WITH *HER*. AN' I HATE TO PUT A *RUSH* ON IT...
...BUT I'M GONNA NEED THAT AUSTRALIUM Y'ALL WERE LOOKIN' FOR.

ENGIE, IT'S GONE, IT'S...
IT'S...

...WELL, IT'S SORT OF IN SPACE. I'M SO SORRY.

OH, MAN. THIS IS *BAD*.

SIGH
YEAH. I KNOW.
LOOK...
...IT'S *MY* FAULT. JUST... PUT HER ON. *I'LL* GIVE HER THE BAD NEWS.

WELL NOW, I CAN'T SAY *WHERE* I AM.

BUT I *AM* WITH *HER*. AN' I HATE TO PUT A *RUSH* ON IT...

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OH, MAN. THIS IS *BAD*.

SIGH

YEAH. I KNOW.

LOOK...

...IT'S *MY* FAULT. JUST... PUT HER ON. *I'LL* GIVE HER THE BAD NEWS.

WELL, SHE CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE RIGHT NOW.

SHE'S DEAD.

I'LL HAVE HER CALL YA BACK.

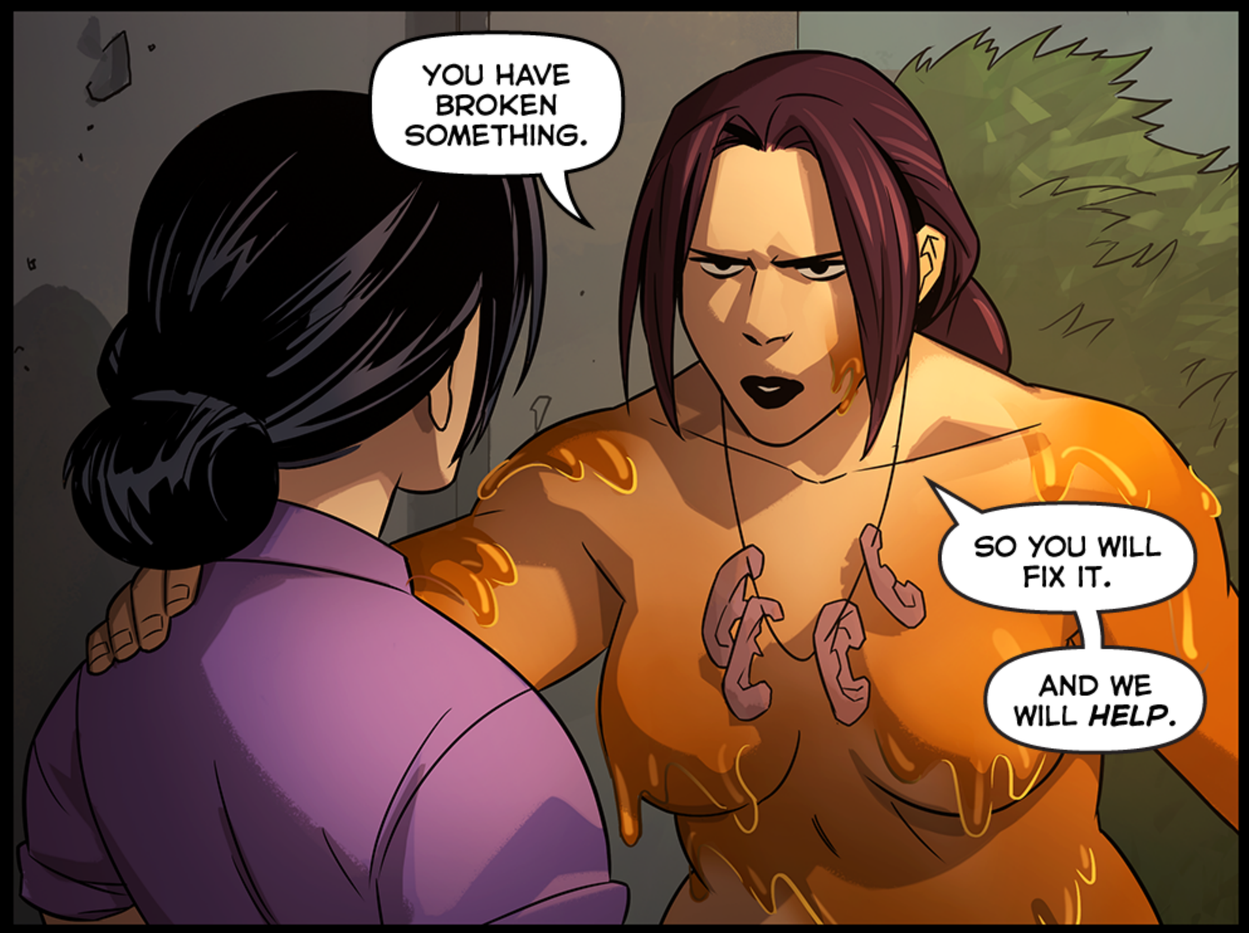
WAIT, WHAT?
HELLO? ENGIE?

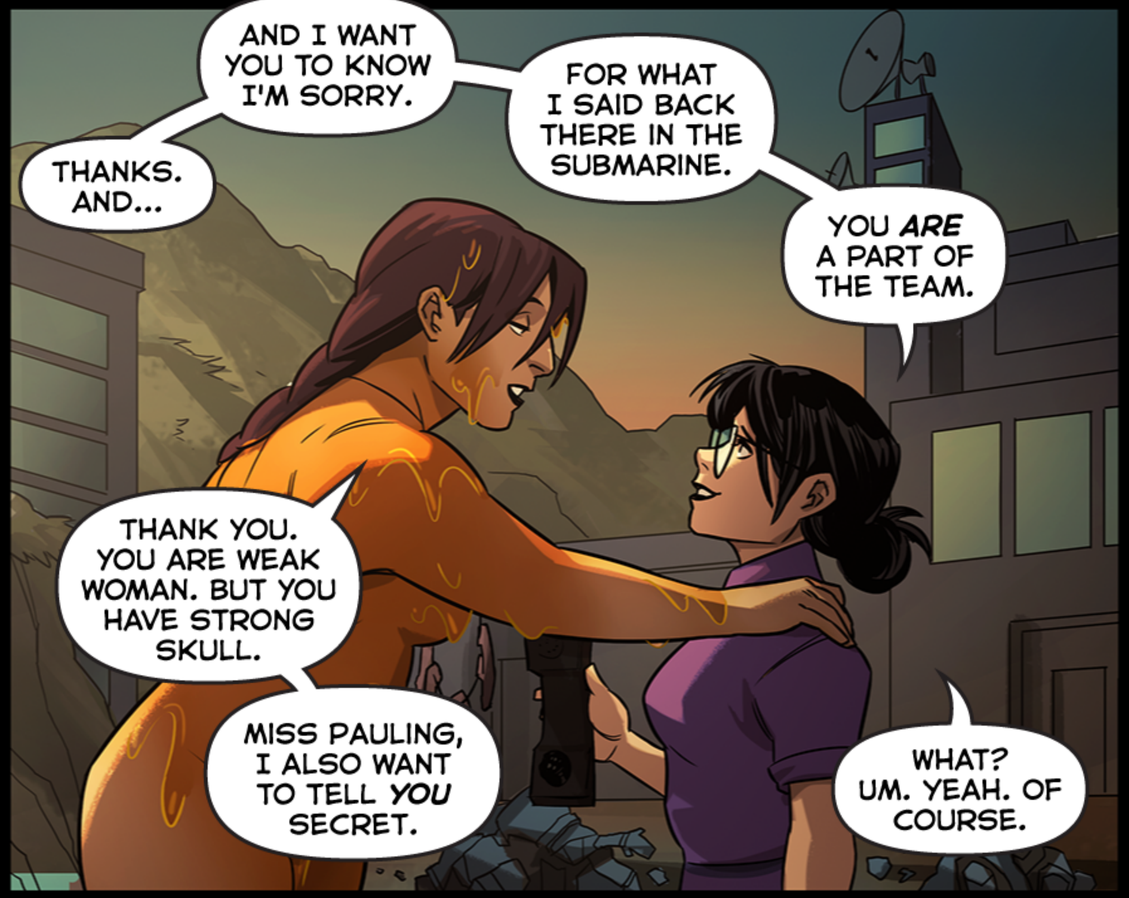
WAIT, WHAT?
HELLO? ENGIE?
WHO IS ON PHONE.

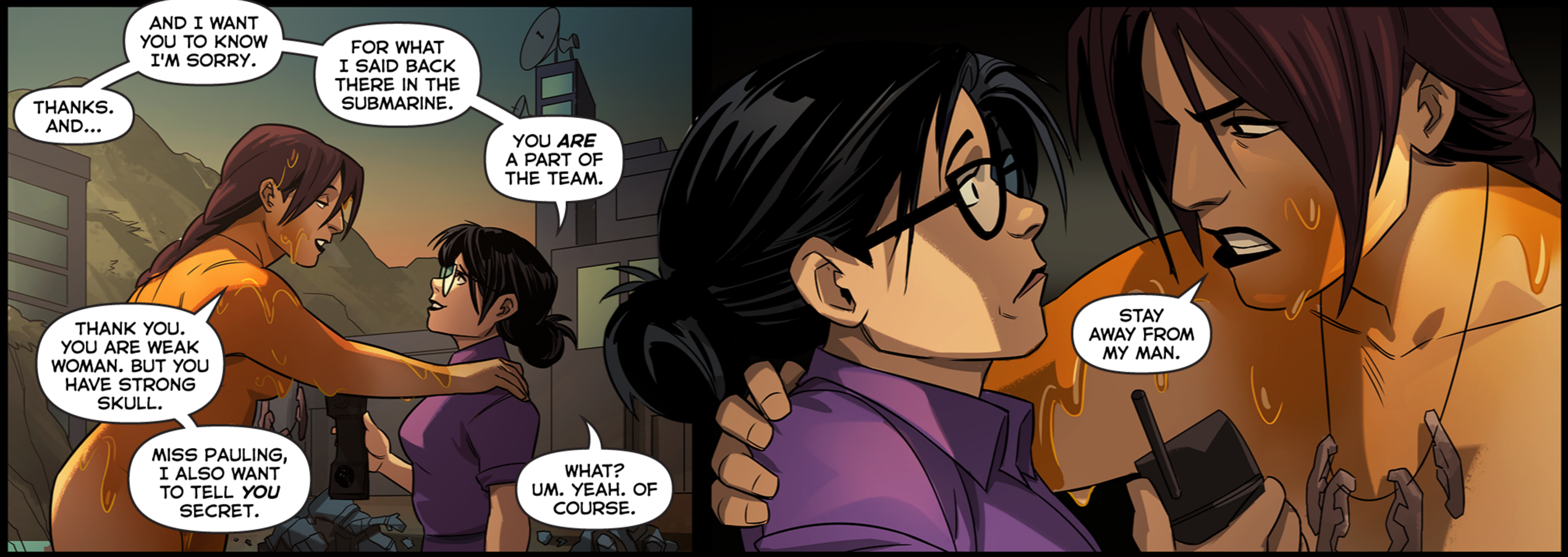
WAIT, WHAT?
HELLO? ENGIE?
WHO IS ON PHONE.

SIGH
ZHANNA, CAN I TELL YOU A SECRET?
YES, THIS IS FINE.

I... THAT WAS MY BOSS.
SHE'S PLANNING SOMETHING BIG. SHE'S BEEN PLANNING IT HER WHOLE LIFE. FOR *A LOT* OF LIFETIMES, ACTUALLY.
AND I THINK I SCREWED IT ALL UP.


YOU HAVE BROKEN SOMETHING.
SO YOU WILL FIX IT.
AND WE WILL *HELP*.


AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M SORRY.
FOR WHAT I SAID BACK THERE IN THE SUBMARINE.
THANKS. AND...
YOU ARE A PART OF THE TEAM.
THANK YOU. YOU ARE WEAK WOMAN. BUT YOU HAVE STRONG SKULL.
MISS PAULING, I ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU SECRET.
WHAT? UM. YEAH. OF COURSE.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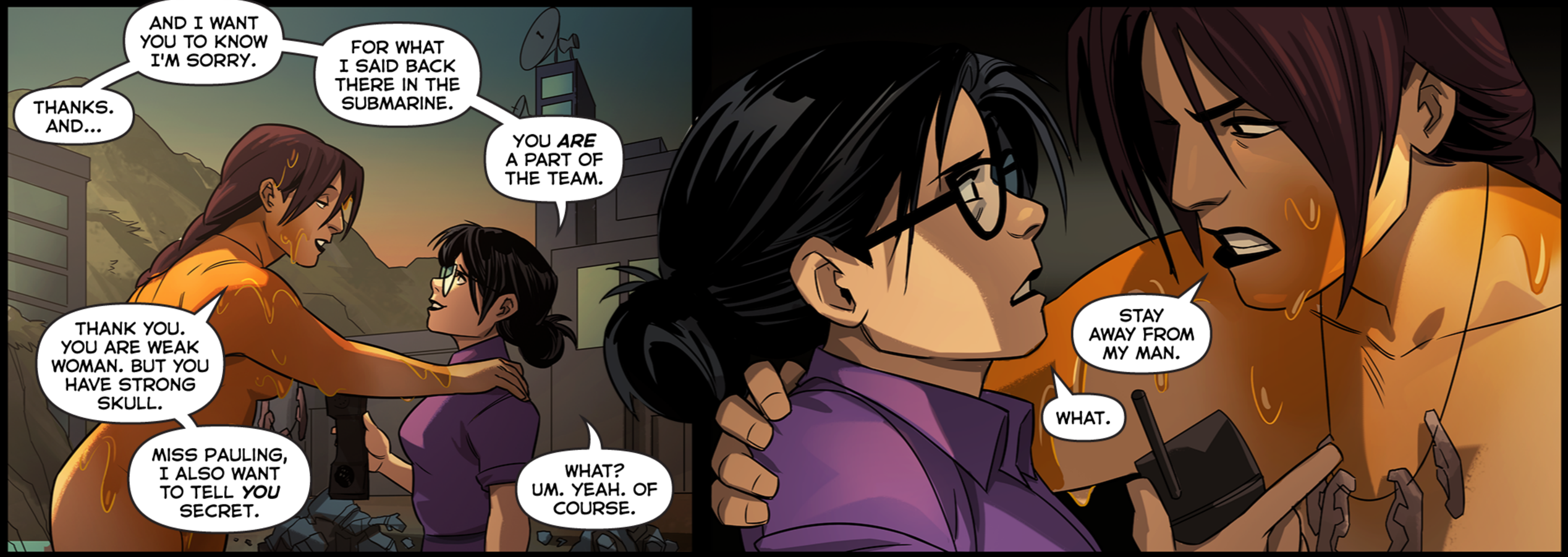
WHAT? UM. YEAH. OF COURSE.
STAY AWAY FROM MY MAN.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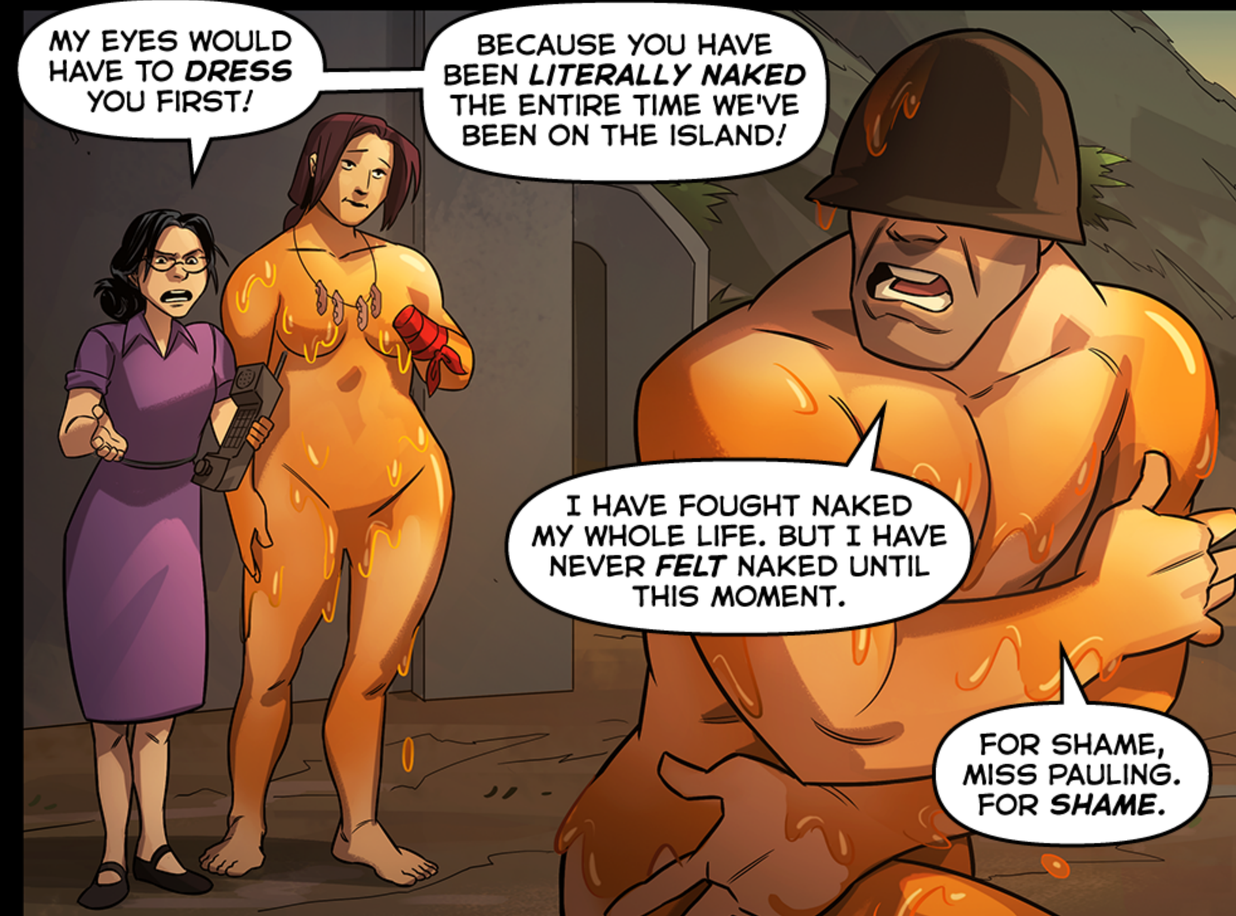
MISS PAULING, I ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU SECRET.
WHAT? UM. YEAH. OF COURSE.
STAY AWAY FROM MY MAN.
WHAT.

AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M SORRY.
FOR WHAT I SAID BACK THERE IN THE SUBMARINE.
THANKS. AND...
YOU ARE A PART OF THE TEAM.
THANK YOU. YOU ARE WEAK WOMAN. BUT YOU HAVE STRONG SKULL.
MISS PAULING, I ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU SECRET.
WHAT? UM. YEAH. OF COURSE.
STAY AWAY FROM MY MAN.
WHAT.
I SEE YOU WATCHING HIM.
I UNDERSTAND. LOOK AT THIS. ANY WOMAN WOULD WANT THIS.

AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M SORRY.
FOR WHAT I SAID BACK THERE IN THE SUBMARINE.
THANKS. AND...
YOU ARE A PART OF THE TEAM.
THANK YOU. YOU ARE WEAK WOMAN. BUT YOU HAVE STRONG SKULL.
MISS PAULING, I ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU SECRET.
WHAT? UM. YEAH. OF COURSE.
STAY AWAY FROM MY MAN.
WHAT.
I SEE YOU WATCHING HIM.
I UNDERSTAND. LOOK AT THIS. ANY WOMAN WOULD WANT THIS.
WHAT ARE YOU GALS GABBING ABOUT?

I AM TELLING MISS PAULING I WILL KILL HER IF SHE LOOKS AT YOU AGAIN.
I KNEW IT!
FOR SHAME, MISS PAULING! YOU ARE MY BOSS!
YOU HAVE BEEN UNDRESSING ME WITH YOUR EYES SINCE WE ESCAPED!


MY EYES WOULD HAVE TO DRESS YOU FIRST!
BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN LITERALLY NAKED THE ENTIRE TIME WE'VE BEEN ON THE ISLAND!
I HAVE FOUGHT NAKED MY WHOLE LIFE. BUT I HAVE NEVER FELT NAKED UNTIL THIS MOMENT.
FOR SHAME, MISS PAULING. FOR SHAME.

UGH. YOU IDIOTS. WHY CAN'T YOU BE...

I AM TELLING MISS PAULING I WILL KILL HER IF SHE LOOKS AT YOU AGAIN.
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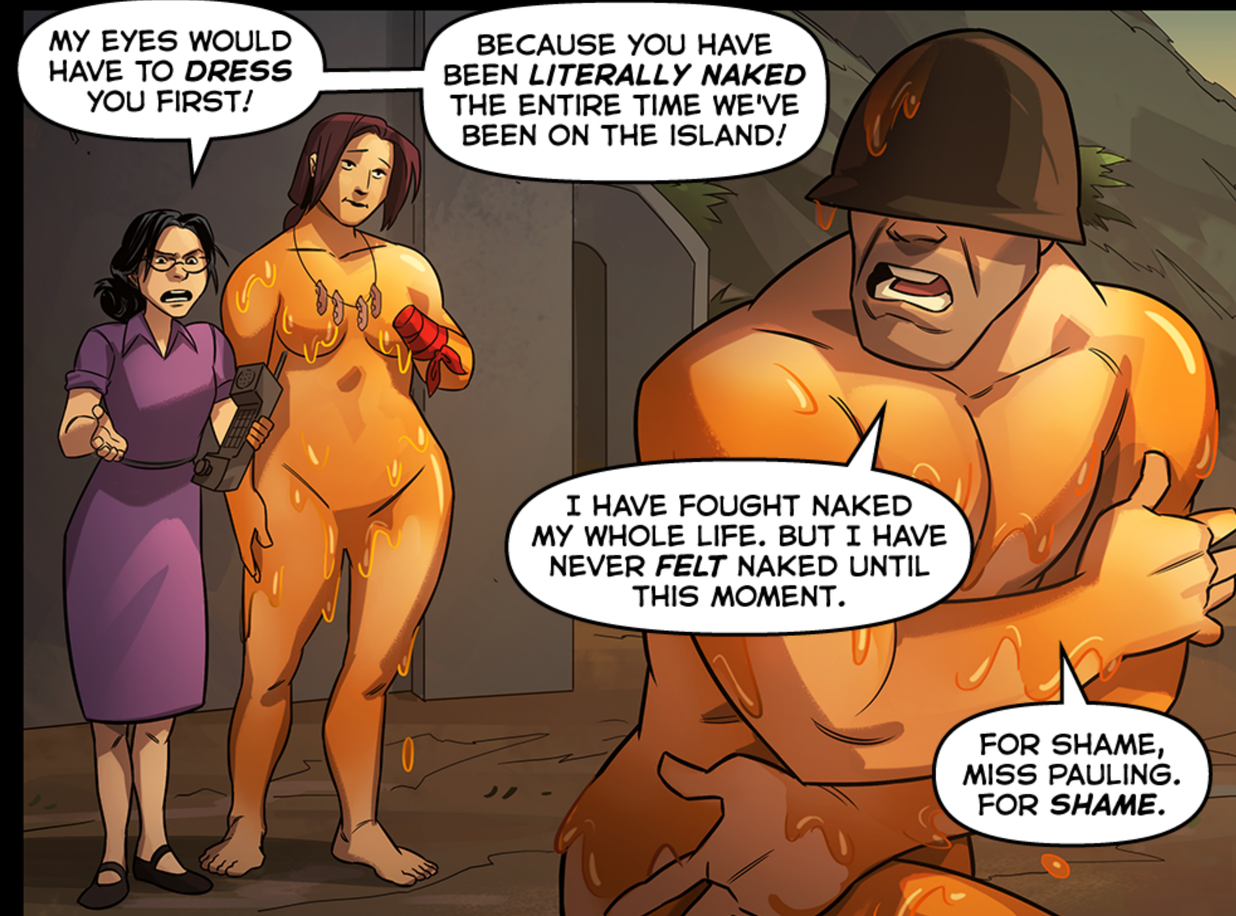
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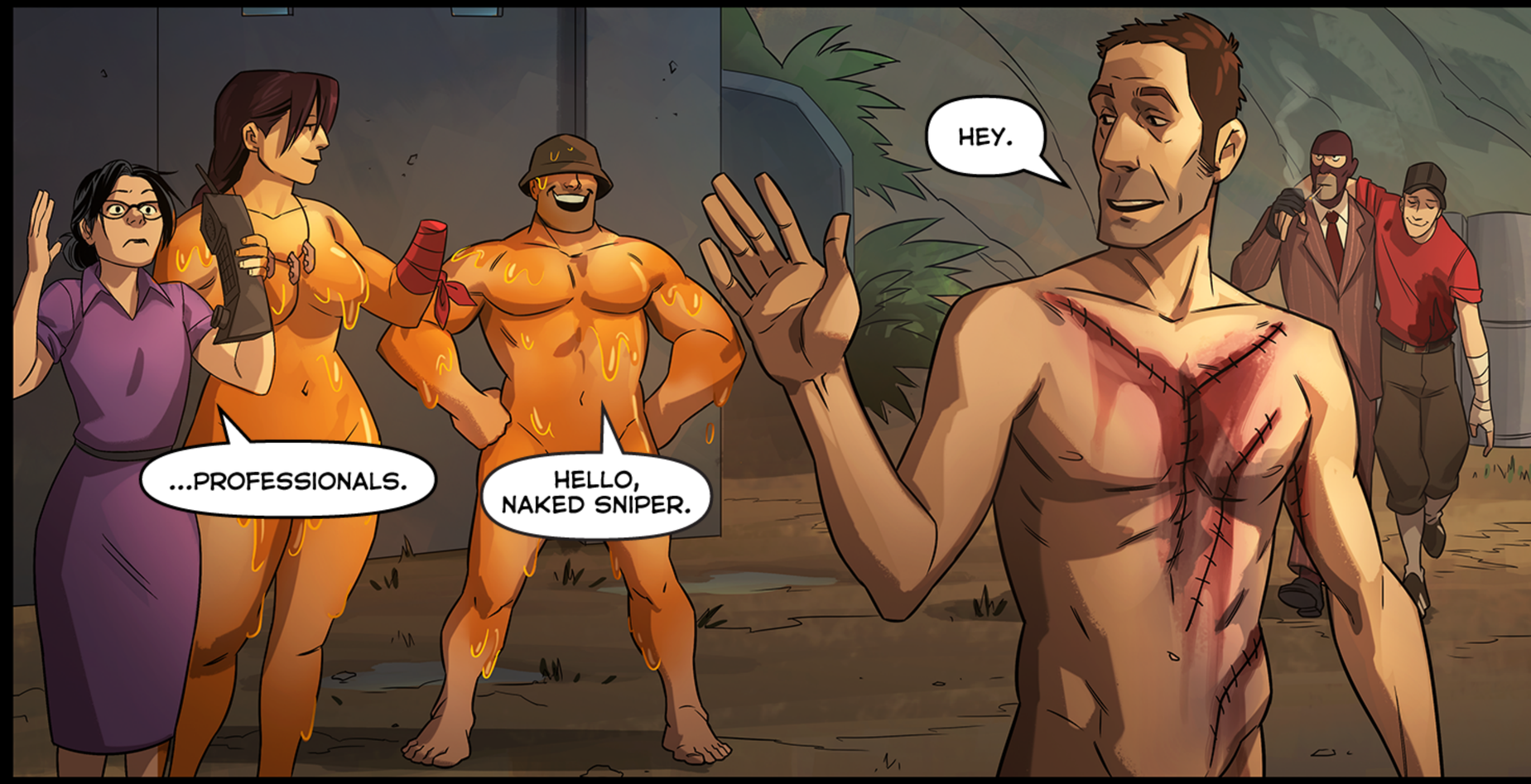
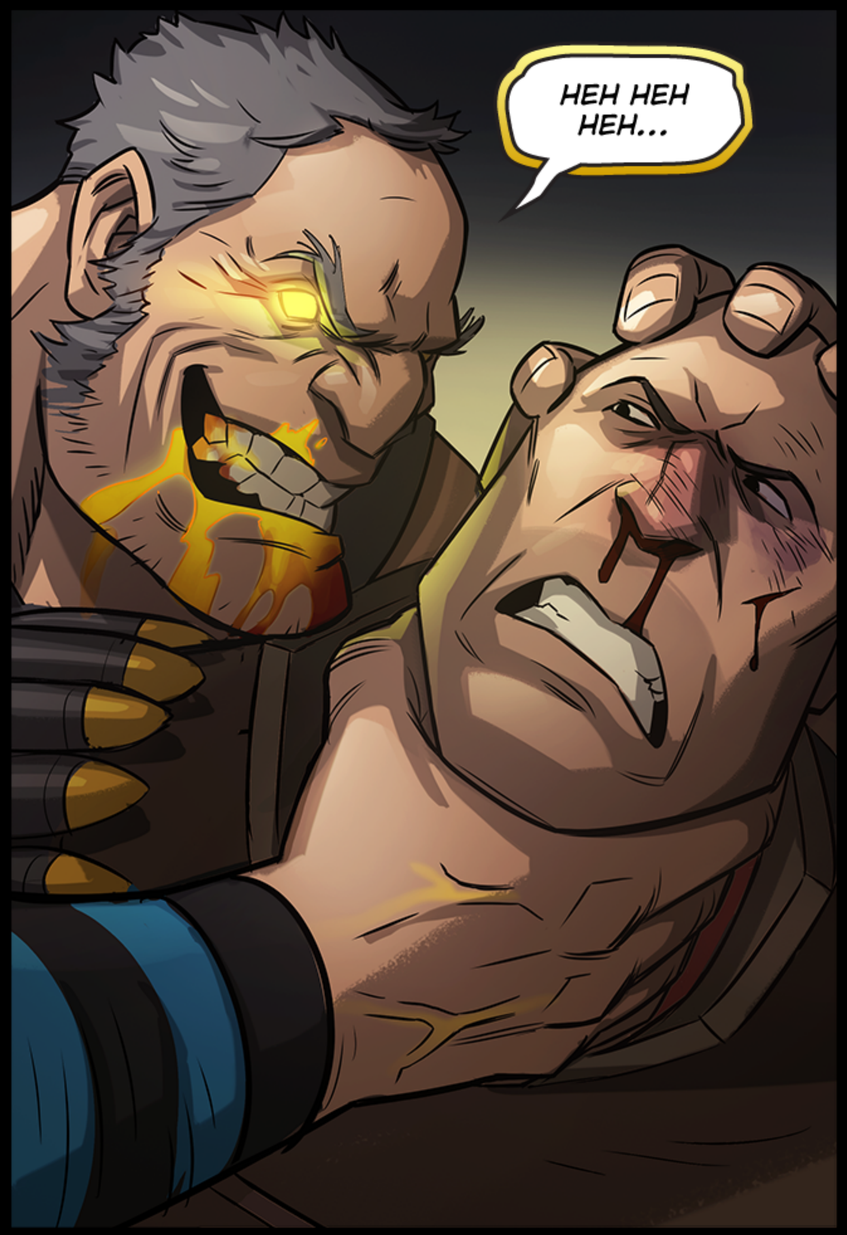

...PROFESSIONALS.
HELLO, NAKED SNIPER.
HEY.

KRNCH

KRKK


HEH HEH HEH...

KRNCH

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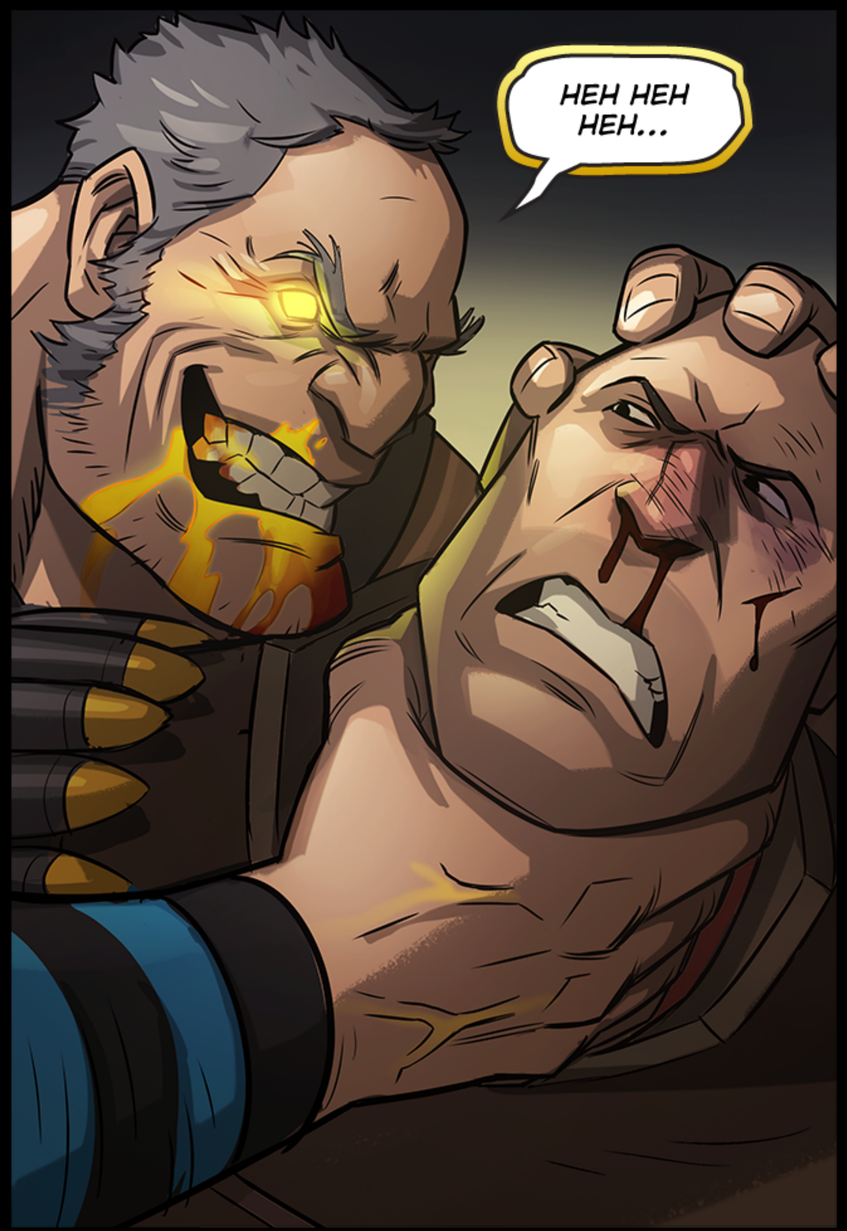
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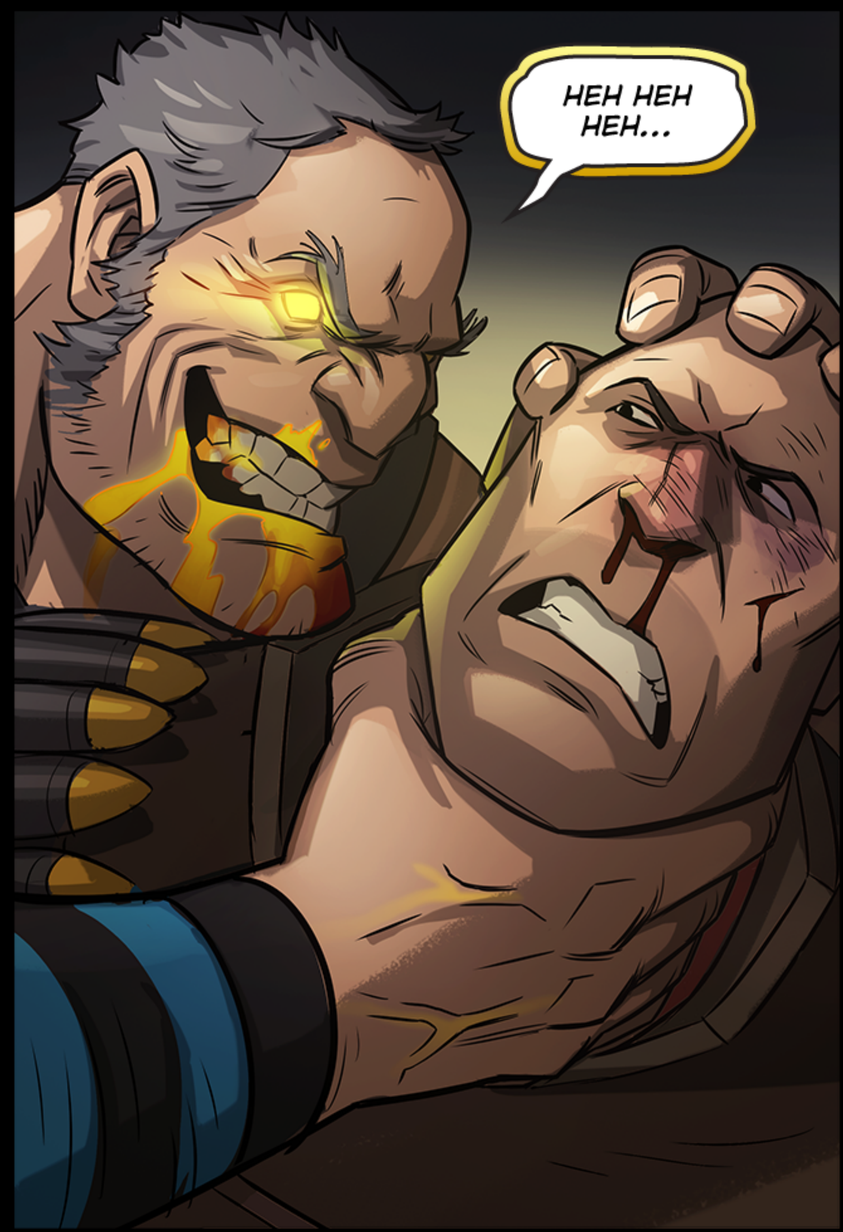
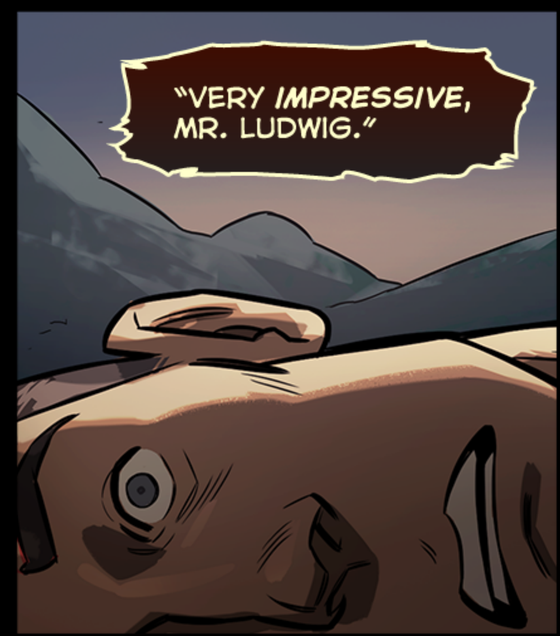

HEH HEH HEH...


"VERY IMPRESSIVE, MR. LUDWIG."

I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH YOUR FILE.
YOU'VE BEEN A REAL MONSTER UP THERE.
HONESTLY, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE ENDED UP HERE ANYWAY. I FEEL SILLY THAT WE EVEN BOTHERED WITH A CONTRACT.
I'D SAY YOU GOT THE BETTER OF US ON THIS ONE.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH YOUR FILE.
YOU'VE BEEN A REAL MONSTER UP THERE.
HONESTLY, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE ENDED UP HERE ANYWAY. I FEEL SILLY THAT WE EVEN BOTHERED WITH A CONTRACT.
I'D SAY YOU GOT THE BETTER OF US ON THIS ONE.

STILL, A DEAL'S A DEAL, AND HERE YOU ARE.
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THE PAPERWORK IN ORDER.
CONTRACT
IF YOU COULD JUST INITIAL BY YOUR ORIGINAL SIGNATURE, WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE AND ON YOUR WAY TO HELL.

YES, LET'S SEE...

I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH YOUR FILE.

YOU'VE BEEN A REAL *MONSTER* UP THERE.

HONESTLY, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE ENDED UP HERE ANYWAY. I FEEL SILLY THAT WE EVEN BOTHERED WITH A CONTRACT.

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IF YOU COULD JUST INITIAL BY YOUR ORIGINAL SIGNATURE, WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE AND ON YOUR WAY TO HELL.

YES, LET'S SEE...

OH! NOW *THIS* IS INTERESTING.

HERE IN ARTICLE NINE SECTION SEVEN IT SAYS THE CONTRACT IS *ONLY* BINDING IF YOU OWN A *MAJORITY STAKE* IN MY SOUL...

SO...

BUT... WE OWN *ALL* OF YOUR SOUL.

YOU *SOLD* IT TO US.

AH! ORIGINALLY, YES, THIS WAS THE CASE.
BUT YOU SEE, I'VE SINCE SURGICALLY ADDED EIGHT MORE.

AH! ORIGINALLY, YES, THIS WAS THE CASE.
BUT YOU SEE, I'VE SINCE SURGICALLY ADDED EIGHT MORE.
HOWEVER, I DO CONCEDE THAT WITH 1/9TH OWNERSHIP, YOU HAVE CERTAINLY EARNED A SEAT ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF MY SOULS.
SO! LET'S PUT IT TO A VOTE: WHO THINKS I SHOULD GO TO HELL?

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SO! LET'S PUT IT TO A VOTE: WHO THINKS I SHOULD GO TO HELL?

EXCELLENT!
SO THAT'S ONE VOTE FOR HELL AND EIGHT FOR HEAVEN.
IF YOU COULD CALL ME A CAR...

WE WILL...
...NOT BE...
...DENIED!

WE WILL...
...NOT BE...
...DENIED!
WELL...
AHEH. THERE IS ANOTHER OPTION.

IF YOU WERE TO SEND ME BACK TO EARTH, SAY, FOR ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS...

IF YOU WERE TO SEND ME BACK TO EARTH, SAY, FOR ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS...
WELL. YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN. YOU TEMPTED ME ONCE, AFTER ALL.
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO TRICK ME OUT OF MY OTHER EIGHT SOULS.

IF YOU WERE TO SEND ME BACK TO EARTH, SAY, FOR ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS...
WELL. YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN. YOU TEMPTED ME ONCE, AFTER ALL.
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO TRICK ME OUT OF MY OTHER EIGHT SOULS.
IN FACT: THAT'S A LOVELY LOOKING PEN!

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IN FACT: THAT'S A LOVELY LOOKING PEN!

I SAID THAT'S A LOVELY LOOKING PEN.

WOULD YOU GIVE ME A SOUL FOR THIS–
I WOULD!

OHHHH, WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*
SEE, YOU'RE WELL ON YOUR WAY! I DON'T LIKE MY CHANCES.
AT ANY RATE, I SHOULD REALLY GET GOING.

OHHHH, WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*

SEE, YOU'RE WELL ON YOUR WAY! I DON'T LIKE MY CHANCES.

AT ANY RATE, I SHOULD REALLY GET GOING.

I'LL GIVE YA THIS...

FOR A BUNCHA LOSERS, YOU GUYS SURE ARE HARD TO KILL.

YOU ARE A *COWARD.*

HHH YOU THINK I CARE?

WINNIN'S WINNIN', PAL.

OHHHH, WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*
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AT ANY RATE, I SHOULD REALLY GET GOING.

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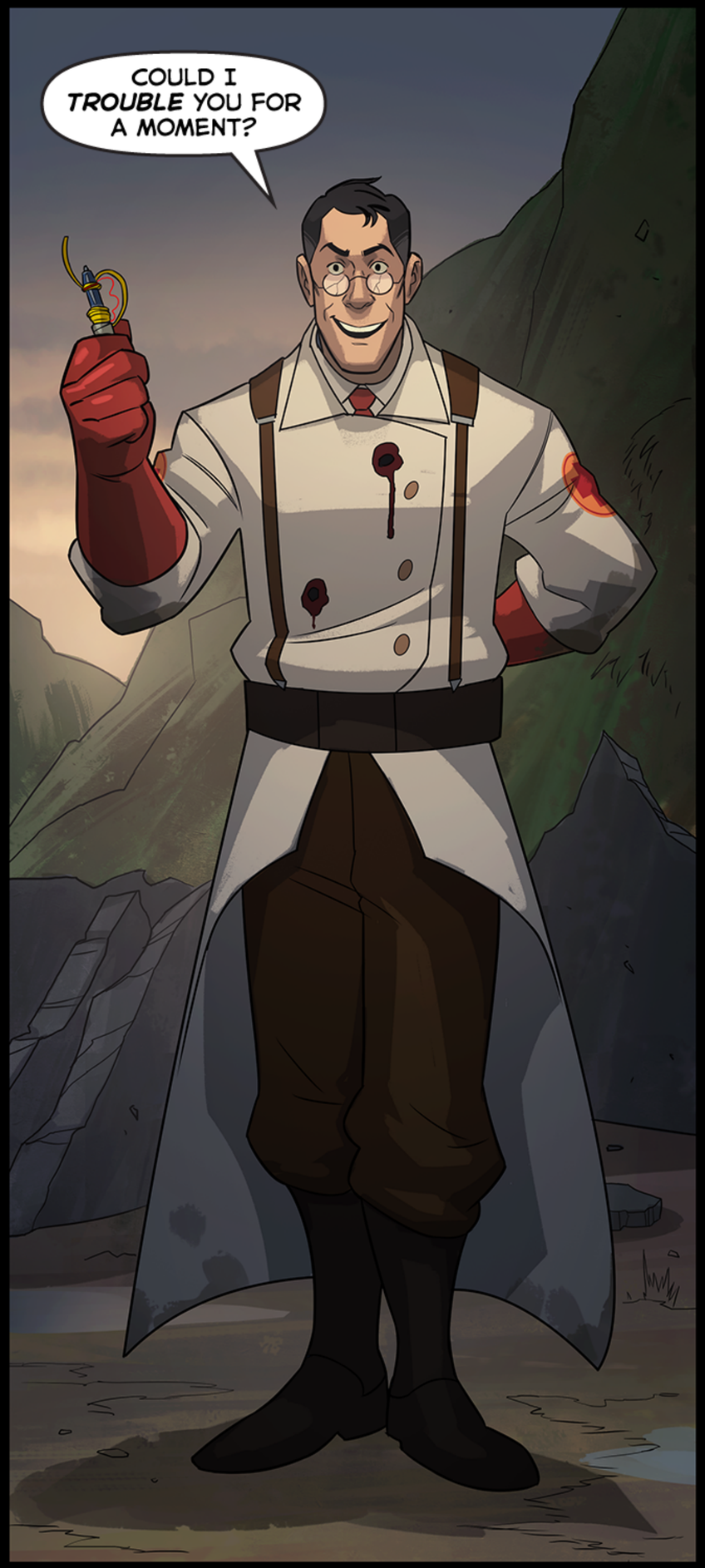
FOR A BUNCHA LOSERS, YOU GUYS SURE ARE HARD TO KILL.

YOU ARE A *COWARD.*

HHH YOU THINK I CARE?
WINNIN'S WINNIN', PAL.
COUGH EXCUSE ME.

COULD I *TROUBLE* YOU FOR A MOMENT?


COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

FRANKENSTEIN? BUT I SHOT—
HOW—
IS THAT A PEN?

AT ONE POINT, YES.

COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

FRANKENSTEIN? BUT I SHOT—
HOW—
IS THAT A PEN?

AT ONE POINT, YES.
NOW IT'S A DETONATOR.

MORE OF AN INDUCTOR, REALLY. I'M TERRIBLE AT NAMING THINGS.
EITHER WAY, IT INDUCES LABOR.
IN WHAT?

COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

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HOW—
IS THAT A PEN?

AT ONE POINT, YES.
NOW IT'S A DETONATOR.

MORE OF AN INDUCTOR, REALLY. I'M TERRIBLE AT NAMING THINGS.
EITHER WAY, IT INDUCES LABOR.
IN WHAT?
IN THE BABOON UTERUS I PUT INSIDE YOU.

I THINK I GAVE YOU... YES, TRIPLETS. THREE HEALTHY BABOON FETUSES. MAYBE FOUR! I'VE LOST COUNT.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHEN I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THEY WILL INSTANTLY GROW INTO FULLY DEVELOPED BABY BABOONS IN YOUR ABDOMEN.
ON THE SMALL END, THEY'RE USUALLY ABOUT 30 POUNDS AT BIRTH. ALTHOUGH A HEALTHY MALE CAN REACH UP TO 80 POUNDS!
AND THAT'S *WITHOUT* THE FERTILITY HORMONES I'VE BEEN PUTTING IN YOUR RATIONS!

SO...

I THINK I GAVE YOU... YES, TRIPLETS. THREE HEALTHY BABOON FETUSES. MAYBE FOUR! I'VE LOST COUNT.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHEN I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THEY WILL INSTANTLY GROW INTO FULLY DEVELOPED BABY BABOONS IN YOUR ABDOMEN.
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AND THAT'S *WITHOUT* THE FERTILITY HORMONES I'VE BEEN PUTTING IN YOUR RATIONS!

SO...
WHO'S READY TO BE A MOTHER?

I THINK I GAVE YOU... YES, TRIPLETS. THREE HEALTHY BABOON FETUSES. MAYBE FOUR! I'VE LOST COUNT.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHEN I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THEY WILL INSTANTLY GROW INTO FULLY DEVELOPED BABY BABOONS IN YOUR ABDOMEN.
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SO...
WHO'S READY TO BE A MOTHER?

A-ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

I THINK I GAVE YOU... YES, TRIPLETS. THREE HEALTHY BABOON FETUSES. MAYBE FOUR! I'VE LOST COUNT.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHEN I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THEY WILL INSTANTLY GROW INTO FULLY DEVELOPED BABY BABOONS IN YOUR ABDOMEN.
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AND THAT'S *WITHOUT* THE FERTILITY HORMONES I'VE BEEN PUTTING IN YOUR RATIONS!
SO...
WHO'S READY TO BE A MOTHER?
A-ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
OF *COURSE* I'M KIDDING YOU.
IT'S A *PEN*.

HUH?
NO—

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP
YOU...

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP

IDIOTS.
I COULD'VE...

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP
...I COULD'VE LIVED...

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP
UGH...

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP

AUUUUUGH!
RRRRRRRIP
AH, #$%@.

IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, DOCTOR.
IT IS GOOD TO *BE* BACK, MY FRIEND.

IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, DOCTOR.
IT IS GOOD TO *BE* BACK, MY FRIEND.

HEH. BABOON TRIPLETS. STEROIDS. PREGNANCY PEN.
ONLY YOU COULD COME UP WITH BLUFF THAT INSANE, DOCTOR.
OH, IT WAS NOTHING. ANY FIELD MEDIC WORTH HIS BONE SAW IS SKILLED AT THE ART OF IMPROVISATION.

IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, DOCTOR.
IT IS GOOD TO *BE* BACK, MY FRIEND.

HEH. BABOON TRIPLETS. STEROIDS. PREGNANCY PEN.
ONLY YOU COULD COME UP WITH BLUFF THAT INSANE, DOCTOR.
OH, IT WAS NOTHING. ANY FIELD MEDIC WORTH HIS BONE SAW IS SKILLED AT THE ART OF IMPROVISATION.
WHERE IS... AH! THERE.

IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, DOCTOR.
IT IS GOOD TO BE BACK, MY FRIEND.
HEH. BABOON TRIPLETS. STEROIDS. PREGNANCY PEN.
ONLY YOU COULD COME UP WITH BLUFF THAT INSANE, DOCTOR.
OH, IT WAS NOTHING. ANY FIELD MEDIC WORTH HIS BONE SAW IS SKILLED AT THE ART OF IMPROVISATION.
WHERE IS... AH! THERE.
WHAT IS THIS.
THE ACTUAL BABOON PREGNANCY INDUCTOR.
I SIMPLY COULDN'T GET TO MY MEDICAL KIT IN TIME.
THREE BABOONS! HOW PREPOSTEROUS.
THE HUMAN BODY CAN GESTATE ONE, MAYBE TWO BABOONS AT MOST.
CLICK
ANYWAY.

ROBOT PUNCH!
AND THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THE ROBOTS, LADS!
MANN CO.
UTILITY GRADE MERCENARY CLOTHING
LOOK, THERE'S HEAVY AND MEDIC!

ROBOT PUNCH!
AND THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THE ROBOTS, LADS!
MANN CO.
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LOOK, THERE'S HEAVY AND MEDIC!
OH, NO. NO NO NO!

AND THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THE ROBOTS, LADS!
ROBOT PUNCH!
MANN CO. UTILITY GRADE MERCENARY CLOTHING
LOOK, THERE'S HEAVY AND MEDIC!
OH, NO. NO NO NO!
NOT THIS TOO! IT'S...
IT'S ALL GONE.

HOW...
THE *HELL*...
DID YOU BEAT US?

HOW...
THE *HELL*...
DID YOU BEAT US?
WE SPENT SIX MONTHS HUNTIN' DOWN HER BEST. ECHELON. CITADEL.
TEAM *VANGUARD*, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
WE GOT 'EM ALL. WE *BEAT* HER.
ALL SHE HAD LEFT WAS YOU REJECTS.
HOW... THE *HELL*...
YOU WANNA KNOW HOW WE BEAT YOU?

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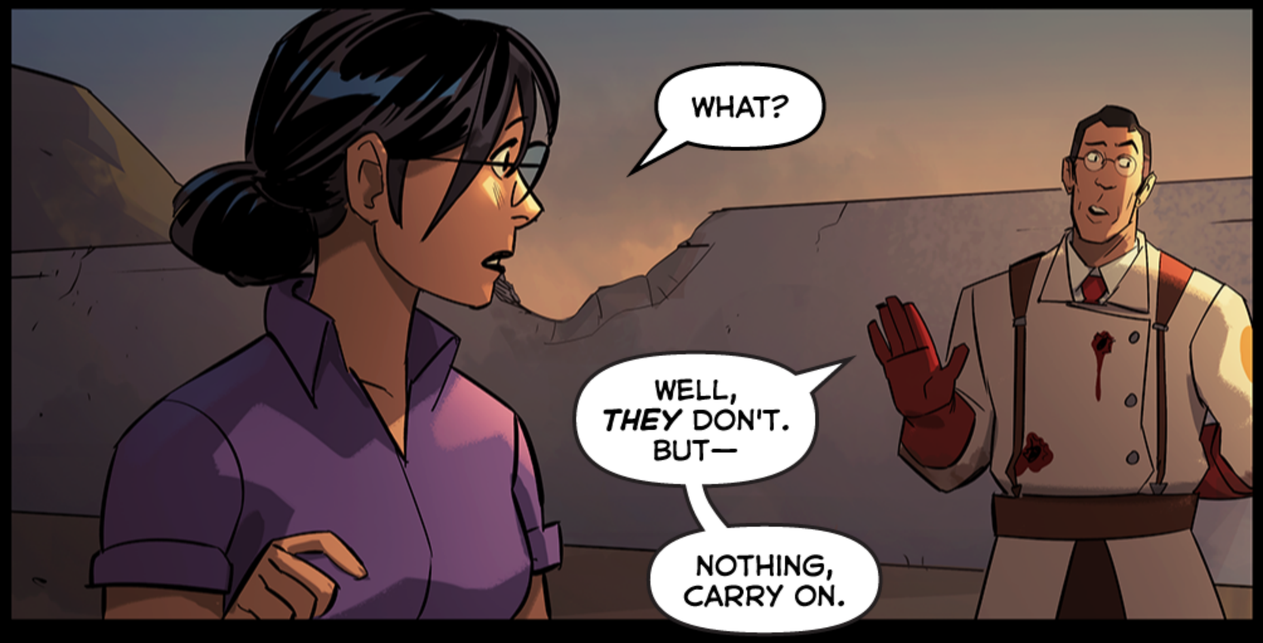
ALL SHE HAD LEFT WAS YOU REJECTS.
HOW... THE *HELL*...
YOU WANNA KNOW HOW WE BEAT YOU?
I HONESTLY HAVE NO #&%@# CLUE.

MAYBE IT WAS JUST LUCK. MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

IT'S BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE SOULS.


WHAT?
WELL, *THEY* DON'T. BUT—
NOTHING, CARRY ON.

MAYBE IT WAS JUST LUCK. MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

IT'S BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE SOULS.

WHAT?
WELL, *THEY* DON'T. BUT—
NOTHING, CARRY ON.

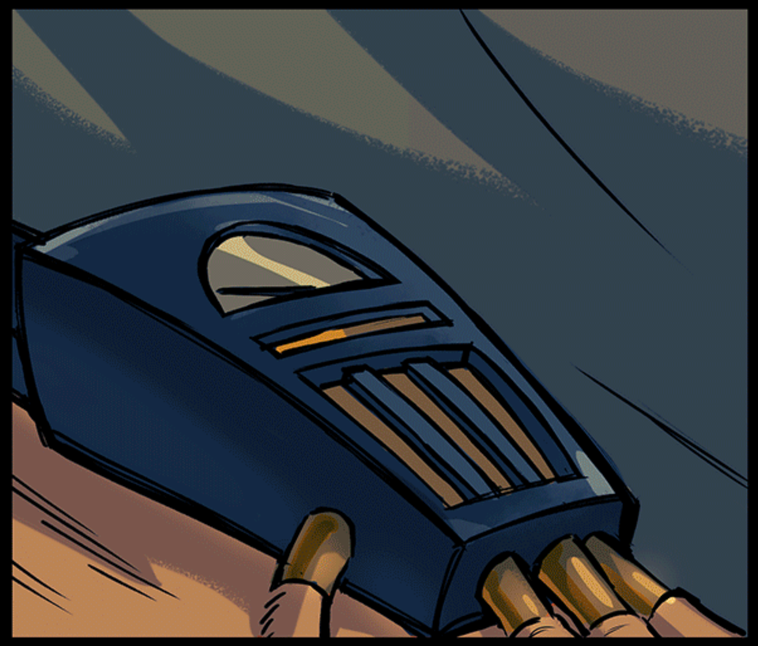
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU.
BUT EITHER WAY...

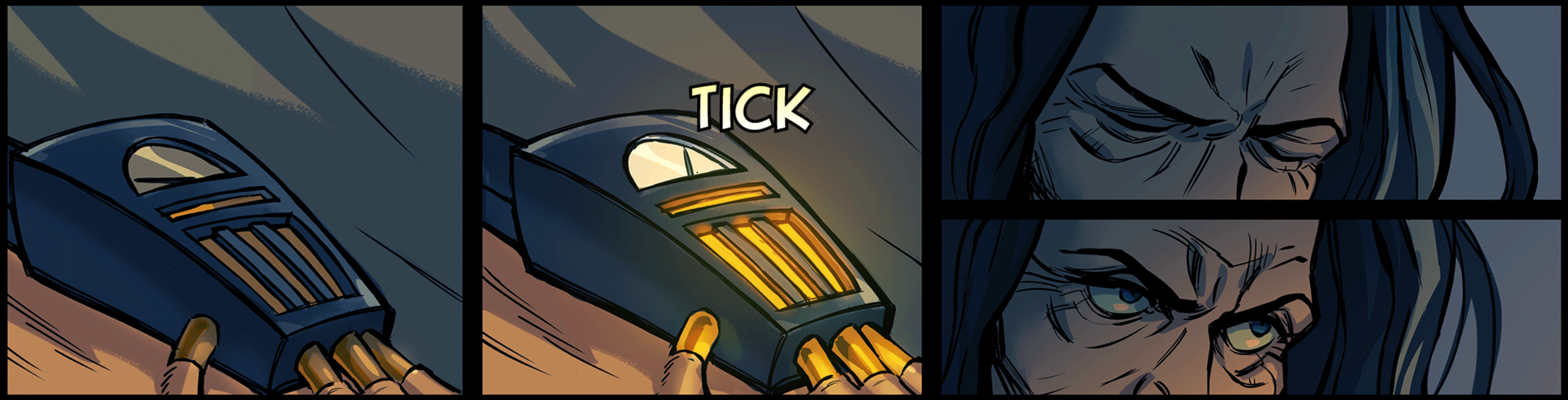
WE'RE TEAM FORTRESS
AND YOU'RE DEAD.

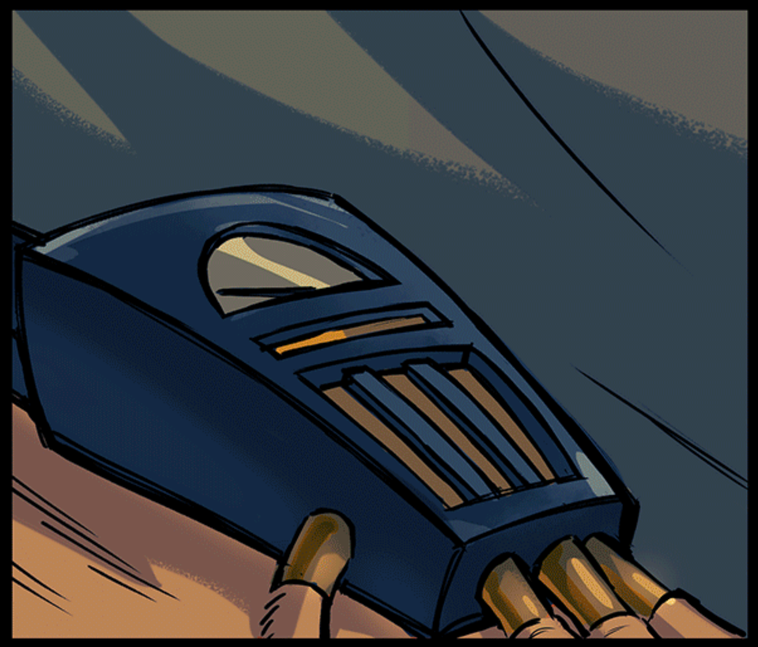
WE'RE TEAM FORTRESS
AND YOU'RE DEAD.

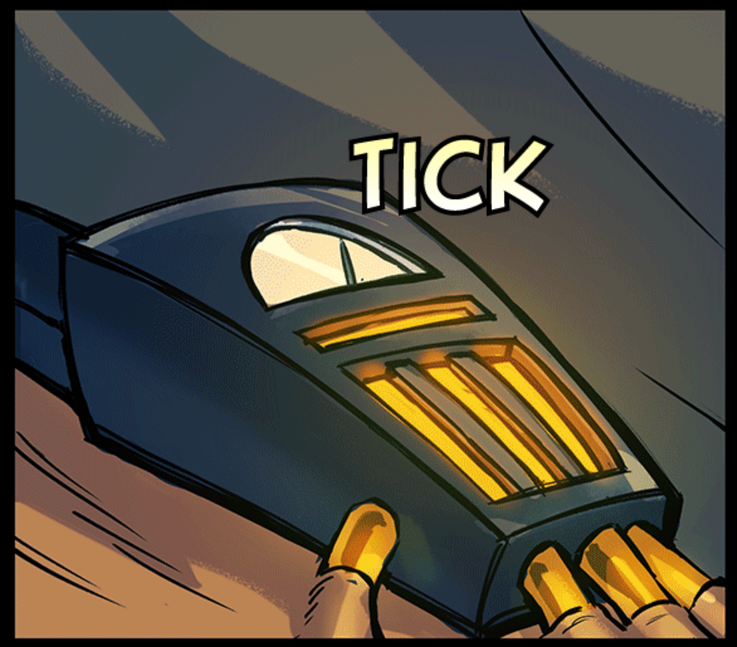
WE'RE TEAM FORTRESS
AND YOU'RE DEAD.

WE'RE TEAM FORTRESS
AND YOU'RE DEAD.
NICE. I MANAGED TO GET THE WHOLE SPEECH OUT BEFORE HE DIED THIS TIME.
YOU'RE GETTING VERY GOOD AT SAYING HORRIBLE THINGS TO DYING MEN, MISS PAULING.
RIGHT?




TICK

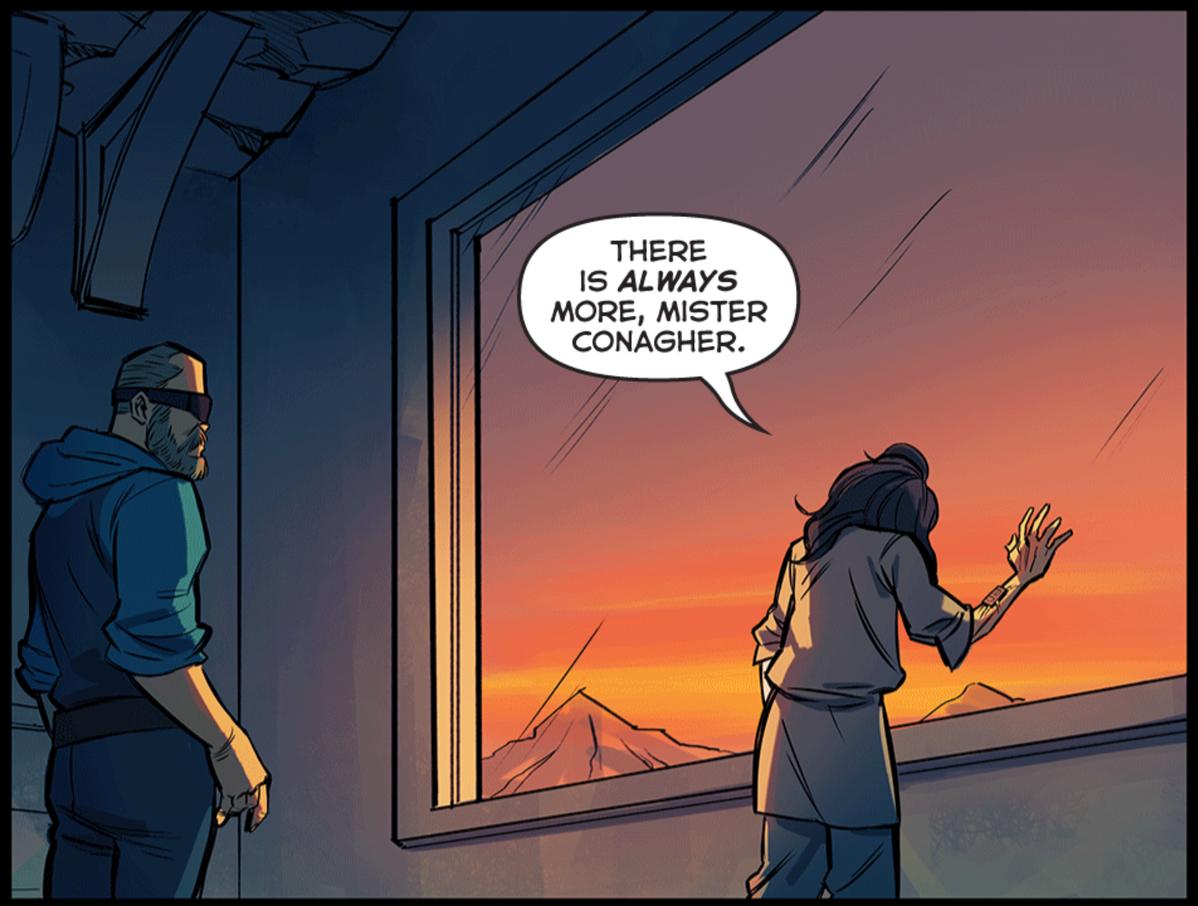



TICK

HOW LONG?
'BOUT FOUR HOURS THIS TIME.
TALKED TO PAULING. THE NEW ZEALAND CACHE IS GONE.
HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE LEFT?

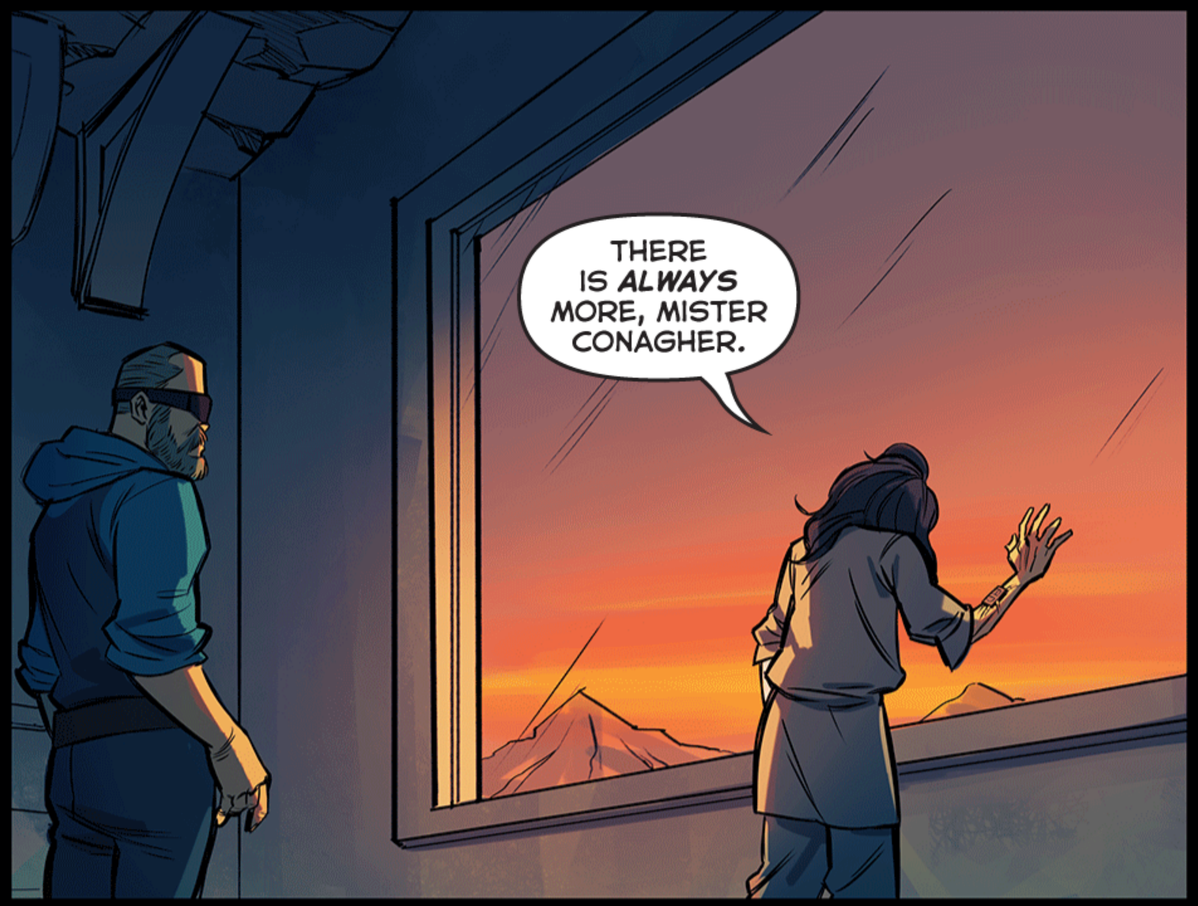
UH... WELL. THIS.
THIS HERE'S THE LAST BIT OF AUSTRALIUM ON EARTH, MA'AM.

NO.
NO, THAT'S UNACCEPTABLE. WE'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO FIND MORE.
MA'AM. THERE *IS* NO MORE.


THERE IS *ALWAYS* MORE, MISTER CONAGHER.

WE JUST HAVE TO *FIND* IT.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE *HEARIN'* ME, MA'AM.
NOT THIS TIME. IT'S *GONE.*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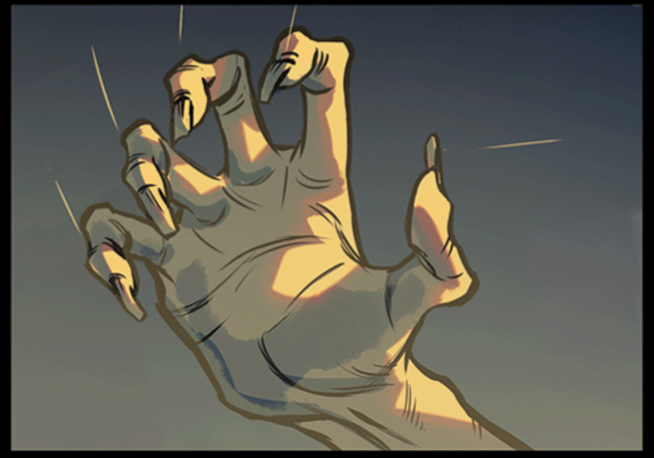
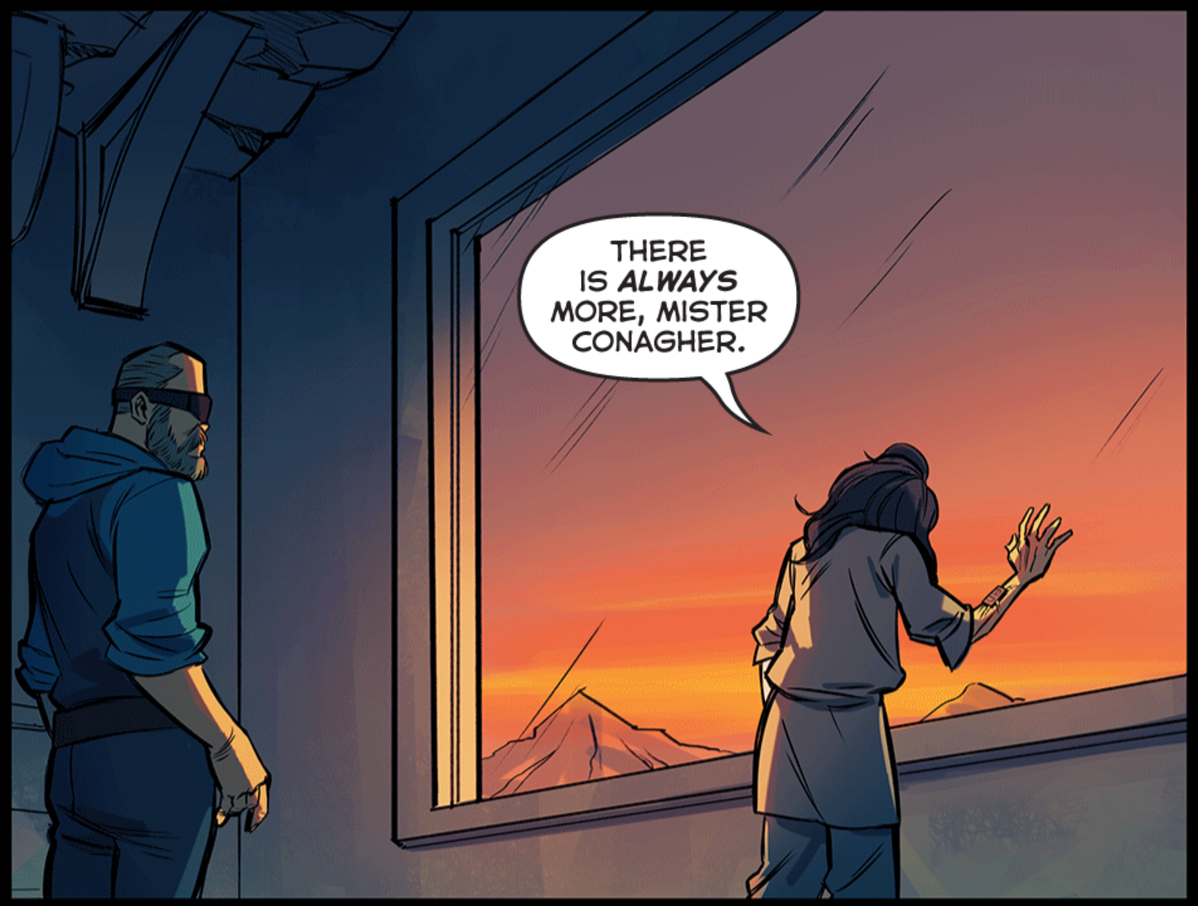
SHUT...

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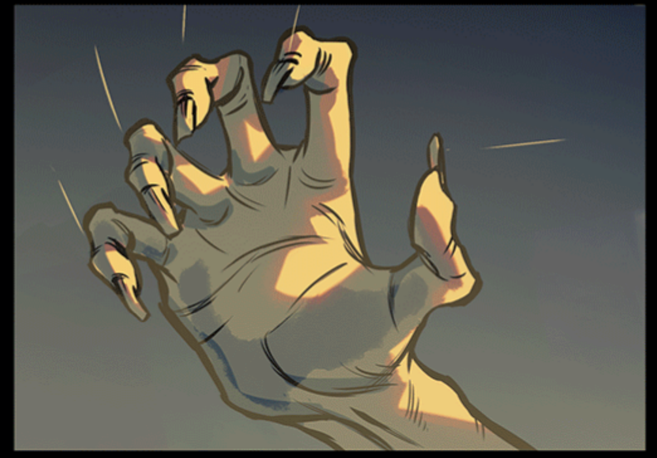
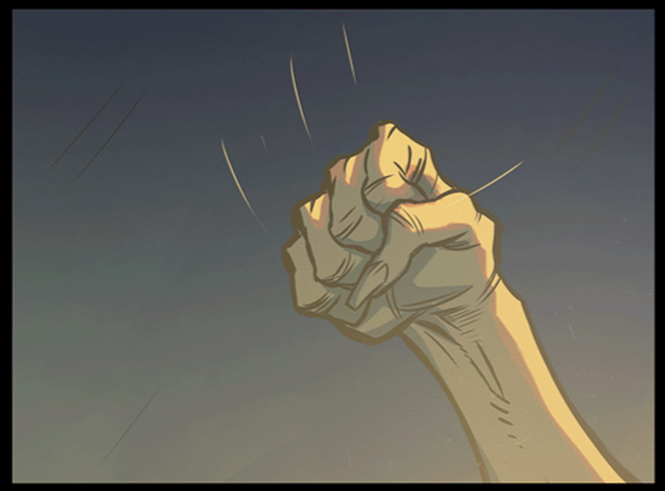
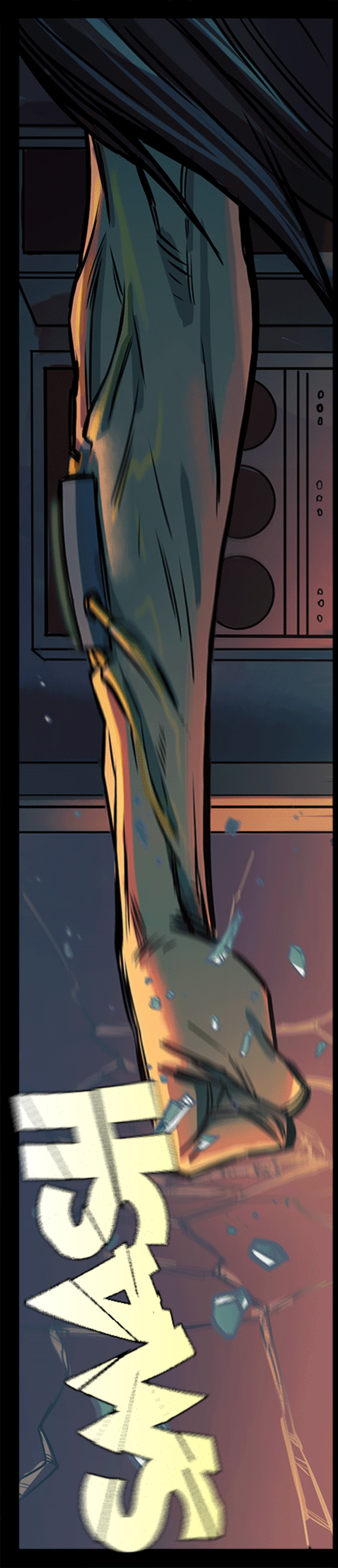
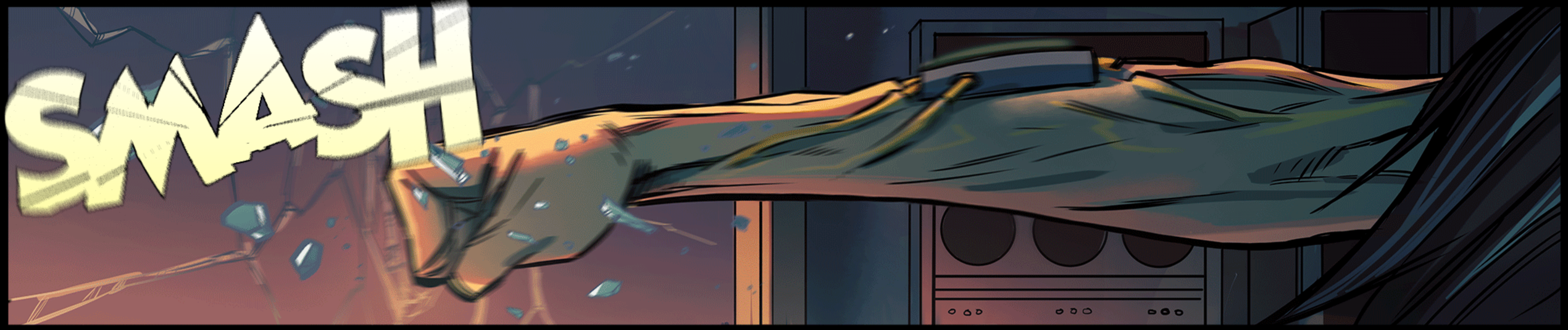
SHUT...

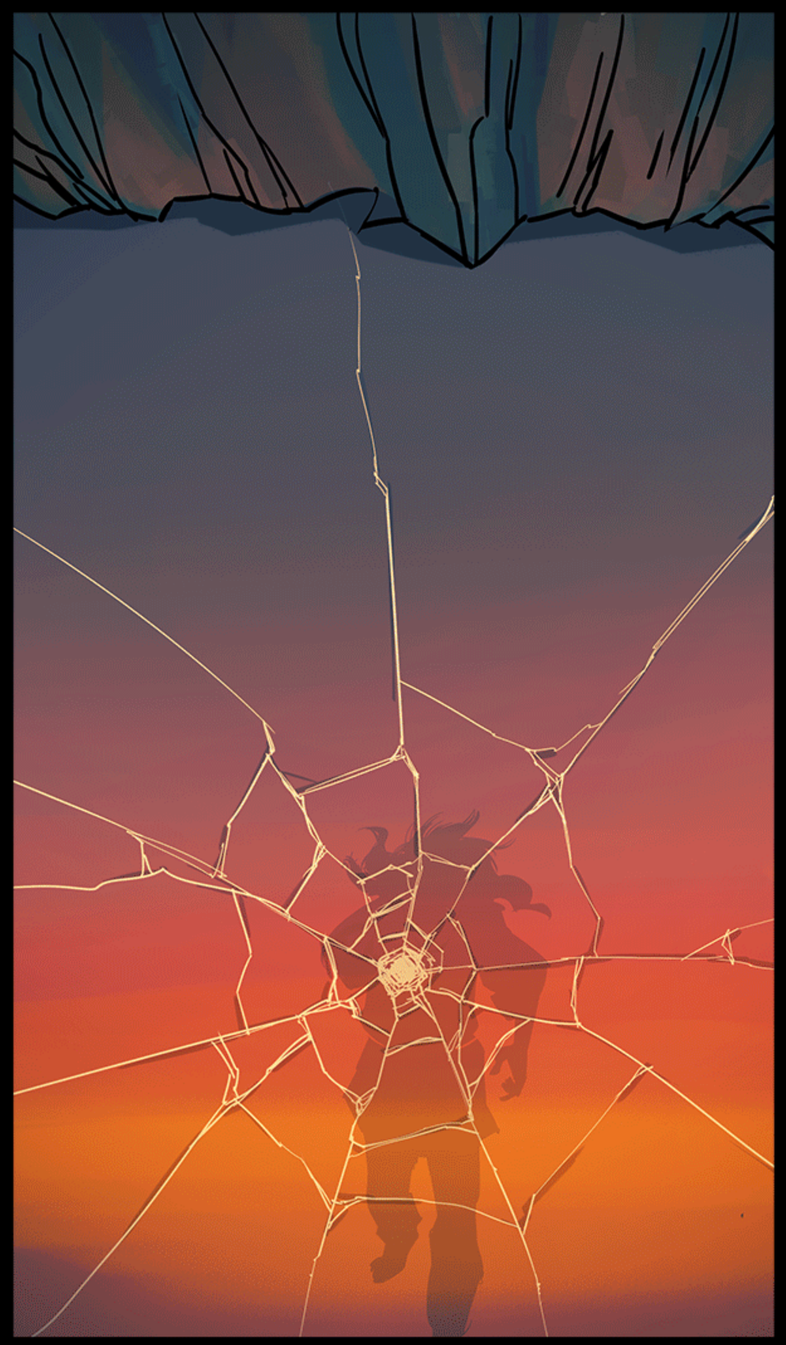


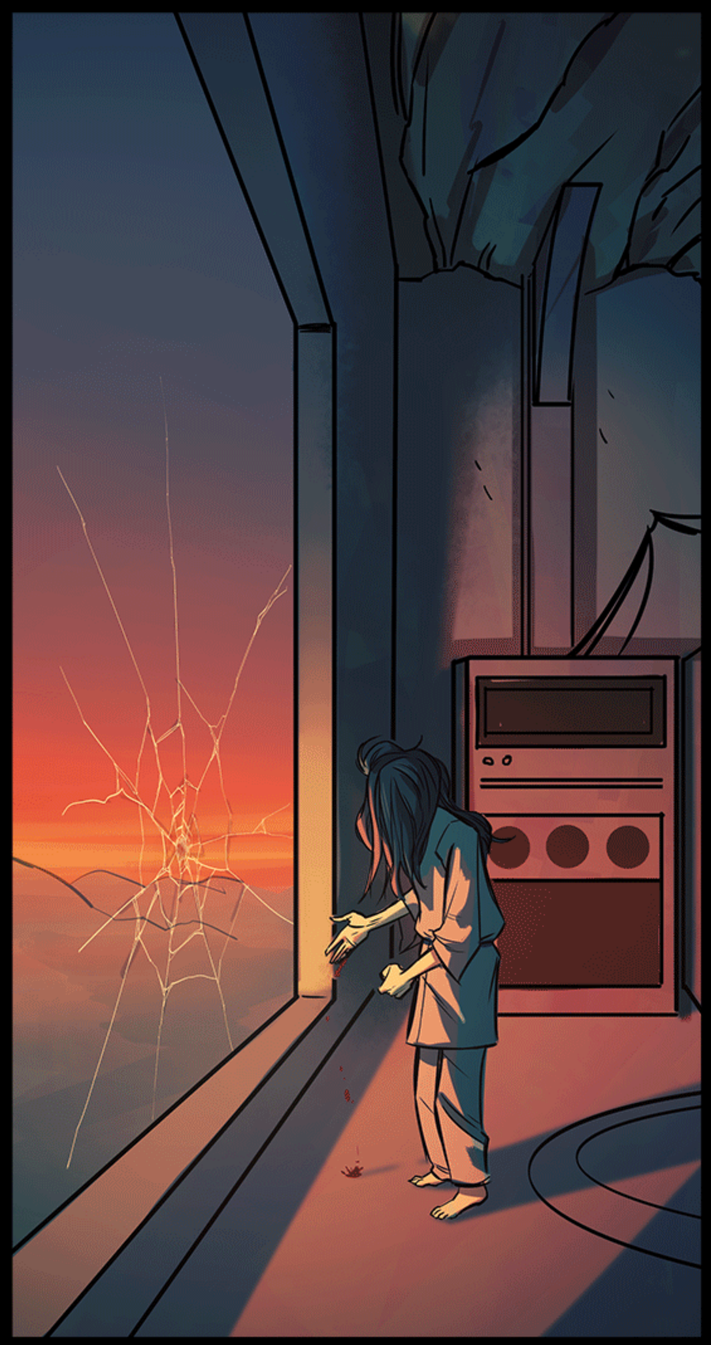


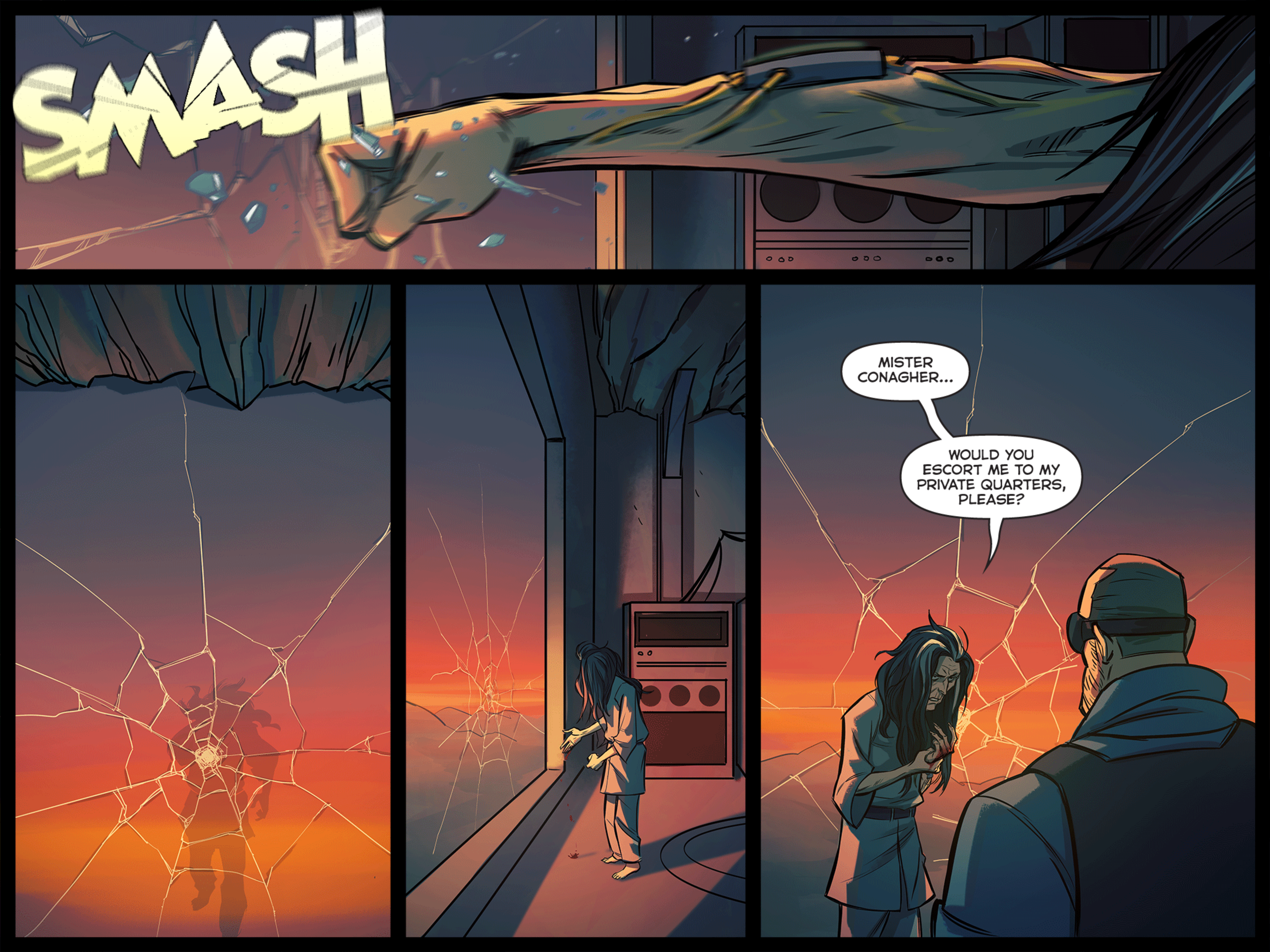
...UP!


SMASH!


SMASH






SMASH
MISTER CONAGHER...
WOULD YOU ESCORT ME TO MY PRIVATE QUARTERS, PLEASE?

MA'AM, I... I KNOW THIS AIN'T EASY.
BUT WITH THE MARK 5, THIS MUCH COULD STILL GETCHA FIVE, SIX MONTHS OF LIFE.

IT'S NOT JUST *FOR* ME.
RIGHT. THAT "OLD DEBT" YOU BEEN SETTLIN'.
YOU THINK MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THAT?

MY FAMILY'S BEEN WORKING FOR YOU FOR... WELL, A LONG DAMN TIME.
YOU NEVER TOLD ME. AN' I NEVER ASKED.
I AM SORRY THAT WHATEVER YOU WERE TRYIN' TO ACCOMPLISH HERE, YOU DIDN'T GET TO. I TRULY AM.
BUT MA'AM, IT IS OVER.

NO. YOU'RE RIGHT.
I'VE TRIED TO KEEP THIS GOING AS LONG AS I COULD. I...
I EVEN THOUGHT I WAS DONE ONCE.

I STILL CRAVE IT...
...AS MUCH AS I DID WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

I DON'T THINK I'LL *EVER* STOP WANTING IT.
IT'S BECOME... EVERYTHING.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S OVER.
AND IF I'M GOING TO CALL AN END TO ALL OF IT... WELL...

NO. YOU'RE RIGHT.
I'VE TRIED TO KEEP THIS GOING AS LONG AS I COULD. I...
I EVEN THOUGHT I WAS DONE ONCE.

I STILL CRAVE IT...
...AS MUCH AS I DID WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

I DON'T THINK I'LL *EVER* STOP WANTING IT.
IT'S BECOME... EVERYTHING.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S OVER.
AND IF I'M GOING TO CALL AN END TO ALL OF IT... WELL...

WELL.
WHY NOT LOOK MY *BEST*?

YOU USED ALL OF IT?
MA'AM! YOU... YOU JUST CUT YOURSELF DOWN FROM SIX MONTHS TO AN HOUR!
IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

YOU USED ALL OF IT?
MA'AM! YOU... YOU JUST CUT YOURSELF DOWN FROM SIX MONTHS TO AN HOUR!
IF YOU'RE LUCKY!
MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME. LET'S END THIS.
ONCE AND FOR ALL.
TO BE CONCLUDED